

SPRING ISSUE

10¢

THE HUMAN TORCH

NO.
15

COMICS



PLUS 12 PAGES
OF
SUB-
MARINER

"I Will Show YOU . . . HOW TO BUILD A **MIGHTY** BODY using my quick, easy methods," says *George F. Jowett*

I want to help you to develop mighty muscles — arms with the power to obey your will — a big, strong, muscular back that packs a punch — a deep "barrel" chest arched with power — a powerful grip that crushes — and legs that are real props of tireless leaping power! A real he-man's body that men will respect and women will admire!

George F. Jowett, winner of many world contests for strength and physical perfection! He actually holds more strength records than any living athlete or Teacher!



THIS IS WHAT YOU GET IN EACH OF THE FIVE JOWETT BOOKS!

- 1 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM.** This book shows you how to develop a pair of chain-breaking biceps. Why not get an arm of might with the power and grip to defy your physical desires? George F. Jowett gives you his secret methods of strength development illustrated and explained as you like them.
- 2 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK.** Look at George F. Jowett pictured above. Note the big spread and tapering waist. Let him help you build a back of power, square trim shoulders with the enviable military spread.
- 3 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST.** Tells you how to make your chest a real power house of vital energy — with straps of muscles to protect your heart and lungs. If you have a narrow, sunken chest, bare ribs, sparrows or chicken chest, he will show you how to improve it so that you will be proud to show it off!
- 4 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP.** A complete course that will show how you can get a grip of steel! What would you give for a forearm with a bone crushing grip? Wrist thickened with live stony cables? Fingers strong as steel pincers. A hand like an iron vise — yet sensitive.
- 5 HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS.** Now you can have the all around he-man strength and good looks of the pupils shown on this page. What Jowett has done for them and thousands of others, he can do for you. He increased his thighs by 3 inches his calves by 5 inches by this simple, unbeatable method. He will help you build legs with tireless power!

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSANONT
Jowett trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.

REX FERRIS
Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett's methods! Look at this chest — then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!"



FREE!



JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

With your order for Jowett's famous Courses in book form, you will receive this valuable book **FREE**, at no extra charge, if you send the Coupon today! It tells the enthralling life story of George Jowett — sets forth the Rules of constructive living which have made Jowett the "Champion of Champions." Contains many fascinating photos of strong men whom George Jowett helped to develop from puny weaklings into superb outstanding athletes and champs!

**Send for These
FIVE FAMOUS COURSES** Formerly \$5 each
NOW in Book Form ONLY 25c EACH
ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, formerly sold for \$5.00, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to yourself, to your family, and to your COUNTRY, to make yourself physically fit, now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it — all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR — or any one of them for 25c — and not only that but if you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books — if you don't actually **FEEL** results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you — send the **FREE GIFT COUPON** at once, and receive your **FREE** copy of the Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."



FREE GIFT COUPON!

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
220 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 566 New York City

Send me the **JOWETT Course-Book**, checked below. If not delighted, I may return books (or book) in 10 days and my money will be refunded.

☐ "Champion of Champions" ☐ I enclose \$1 postage prepaid. Send books checked, please a few cents postage (No order less than \$1 shipped C.O.D.)

☐ **ALL FIVE BOOKS FOR \$1**
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Arm (25c)
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Back (25c)
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Chest (25c)
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Grip (25c)
☐ How to Mold Mighty Legs (25c)

☐ Send me the **FREE** book by Jowett, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," at no extra cost.

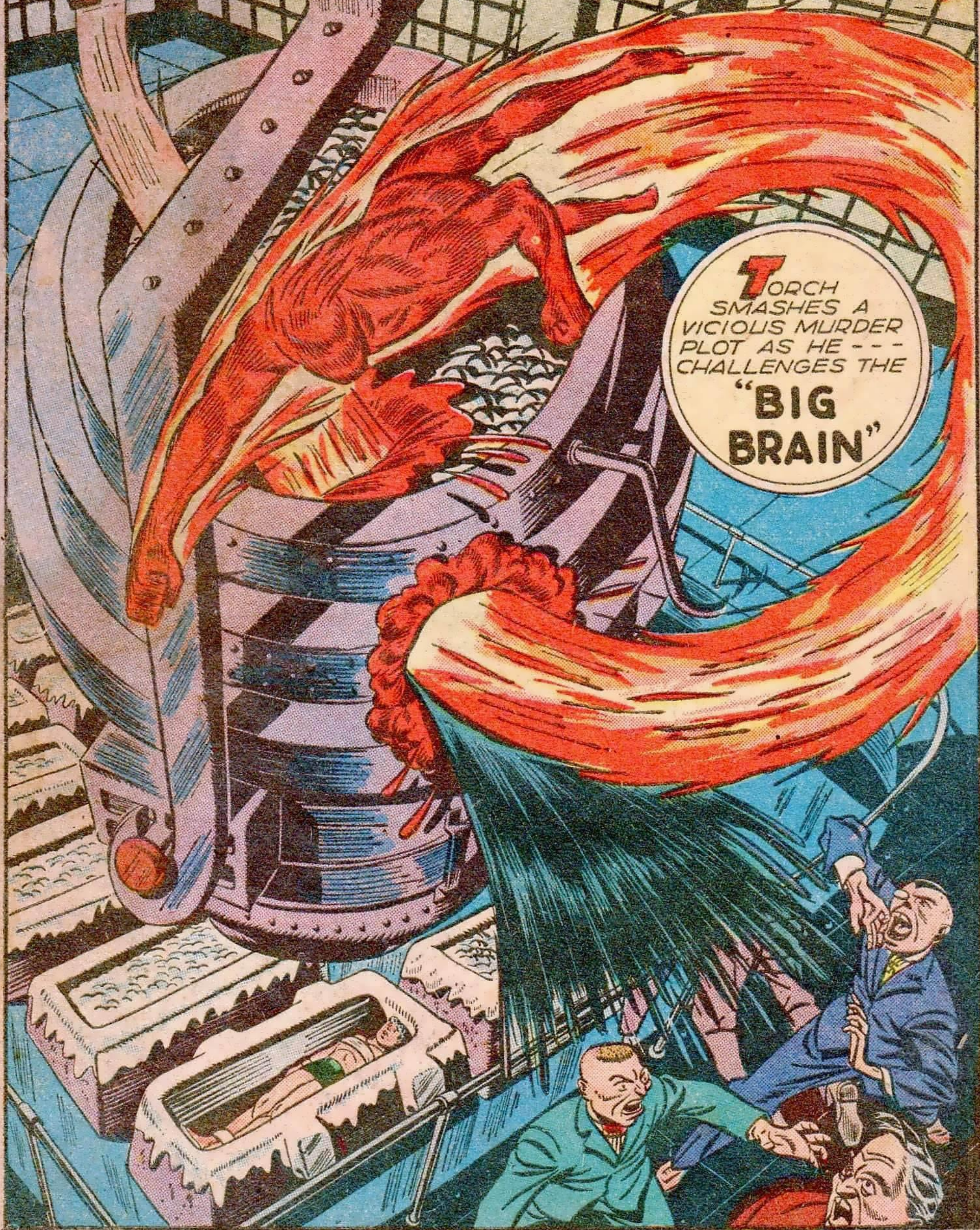
NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

THE HUMAN TORCH

TORCH
SMASHES A
VICIOUS MURDER
PLOT AS HE ---
CHALLENGES THE
"BIG
BRAIN"



ON THE HEIGHTS OVERLOOKING A CERTAIN PLAIN IN ITALY, A FORMER AUSTRIAN HOUSE-PAINTER, WATCHES THE OUTCOME OF AN IMPORTANT BATTLE!

HIMMEL, VAS ISS! VE SHOULD BE CHASING DEM! ARE VE NOT THE NAZI SUPER RACE? I TELL YOU, THESE YANKEE DOGS MUST BE STOPPED!

BUT, MINE FUEHRER -- IT ISS NOT SO EASY! THE AMERICAN FACTORIES KEEP A RIVER OF SUPPLIES AND VEAPONS FLOWING TO THESE SWINE! THEY ARE NO LONGER UNARMED!

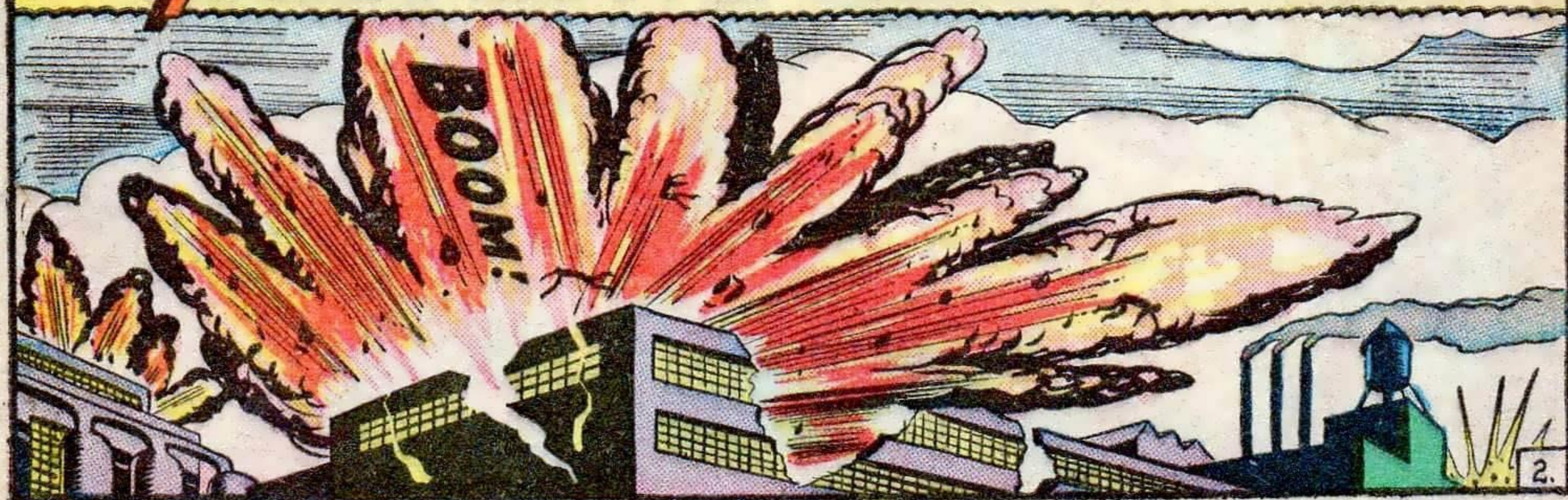
DUNDERHEAD! THEN THE FACTORIES MUST BE ANNIHILATED! CONTACT THE BRAIN AT ONCE! THE WORD IS -- **DESTROY, DESTROY, DESTROY!** THESE PIGS MUST BE STOPPED!

YES, MINE FUEHRER! IT VILL BE DONE AT ONCE!

THE FATEFUL WORDS, ISSUED BY A MANIAC IN ITALY, ARE FLASHED 4000 MILES ACROSS THE SEA ---- TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRAIN!

THIS IS WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! THE REASON YOU HAVE BEEN TRAINED! OUR PLANS ARE MADE AND FROM THIS HOUR -- **WE DESTROY!**

THE MESSAGE IS FOLLOWED BY A WAVE OF SABOTAGE AND DEATH!



5¢ DAILY PRESS EXTRA
HUNDREDS DIE IN DESTRUCTION OF MID-WEST AIR-PLANT!

5¢ DAILY PRESS EXTRA
HUNDREDS DIE IN DESTRUCTION OF MID-WEST AIR-CRAFT PLANT!

5¢
HUNDREDS DIE IN DESTRUCTION OF MID-WEST AIR-PLANT!

AND READING THE HEADLINES NOT FAR FROM THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY----

THIS IS SABOTAGE! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, BEFORE IT SPREADS OVER THE WHOLE COUNTRY!

AND FAST! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF AN ORGANIZED GANG!

SO--- SECONDS LATER, TWO HUMAN METEORS, STREAK ACROSS THE DARKENED SKY!

HOW DO WE KNOW WHERE THEY'LL STRIKE NEXT?

WE DON'T! I'M JUST GAMBLING IT WILL BE IN THE SAME DEFENSE AREA!

THE FIERY PAIR, STREAK DOWN, ONLY TO BE MET BY----

ALUM BOMBS!

WHAT TH--!

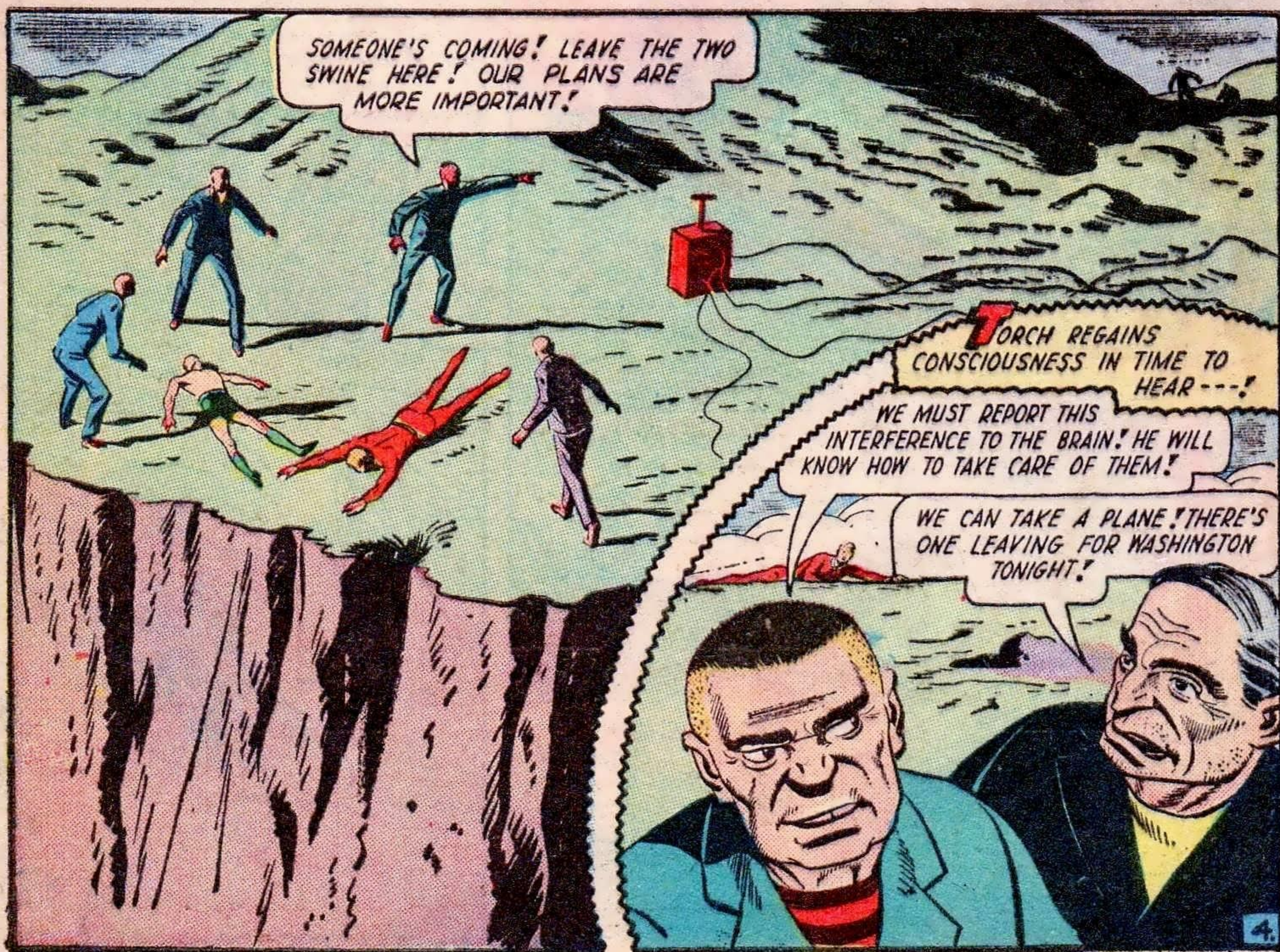
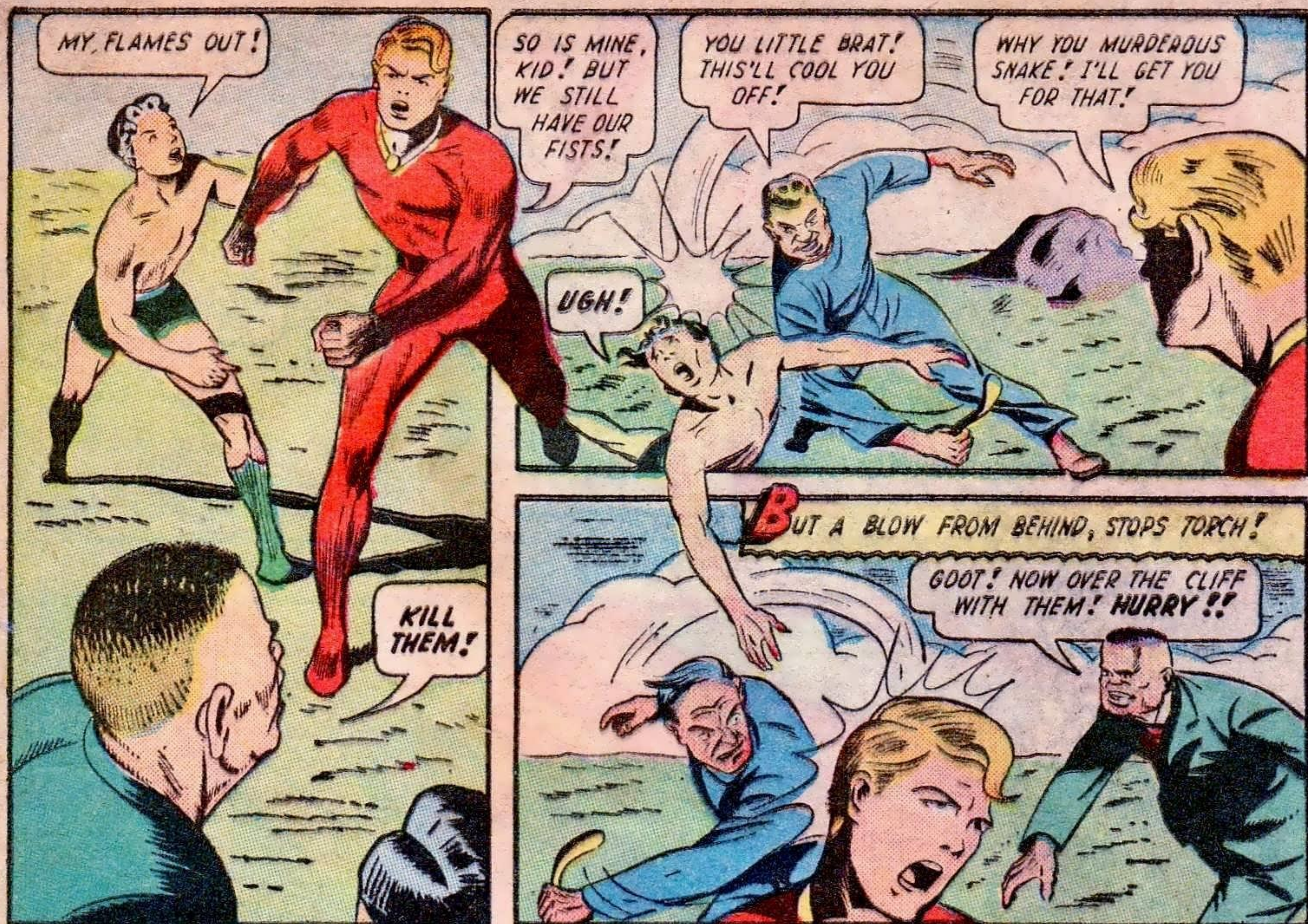
HA'H YOU FOOLS! WE CAME PREPARED! THIS'LL PUT YOUR LIGHTS OUT!

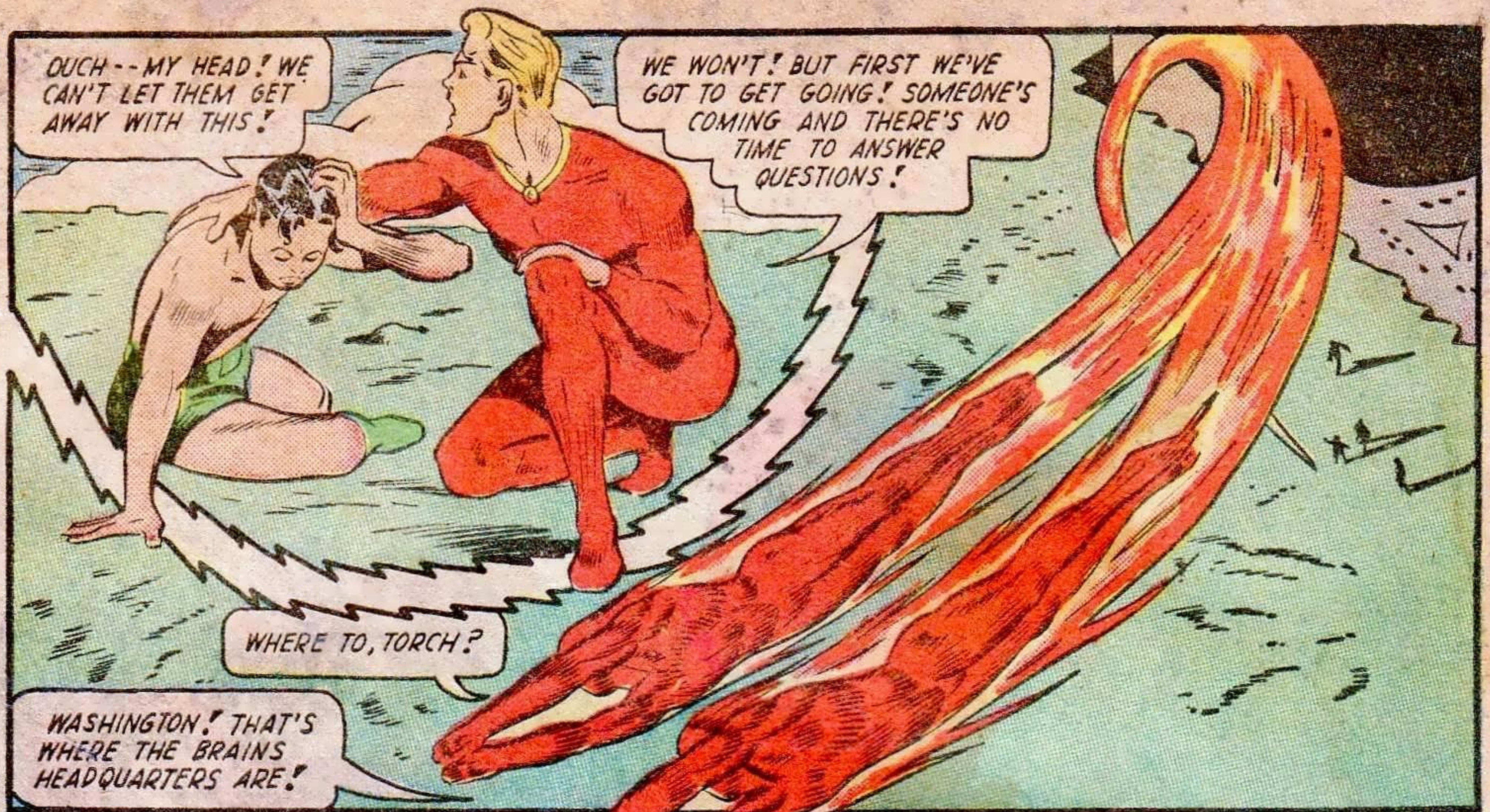
MINUTES LATER---

THE STONE VALLEY DAM! IT SUPPLIES MOST OF THE COUNTRY WITH POWER AND ---! HEY! WHAT ARE THOSE BABIES UP TO--?

GOING TO DESTROY THE DAM, I BET! COME ON, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THIS!

3.



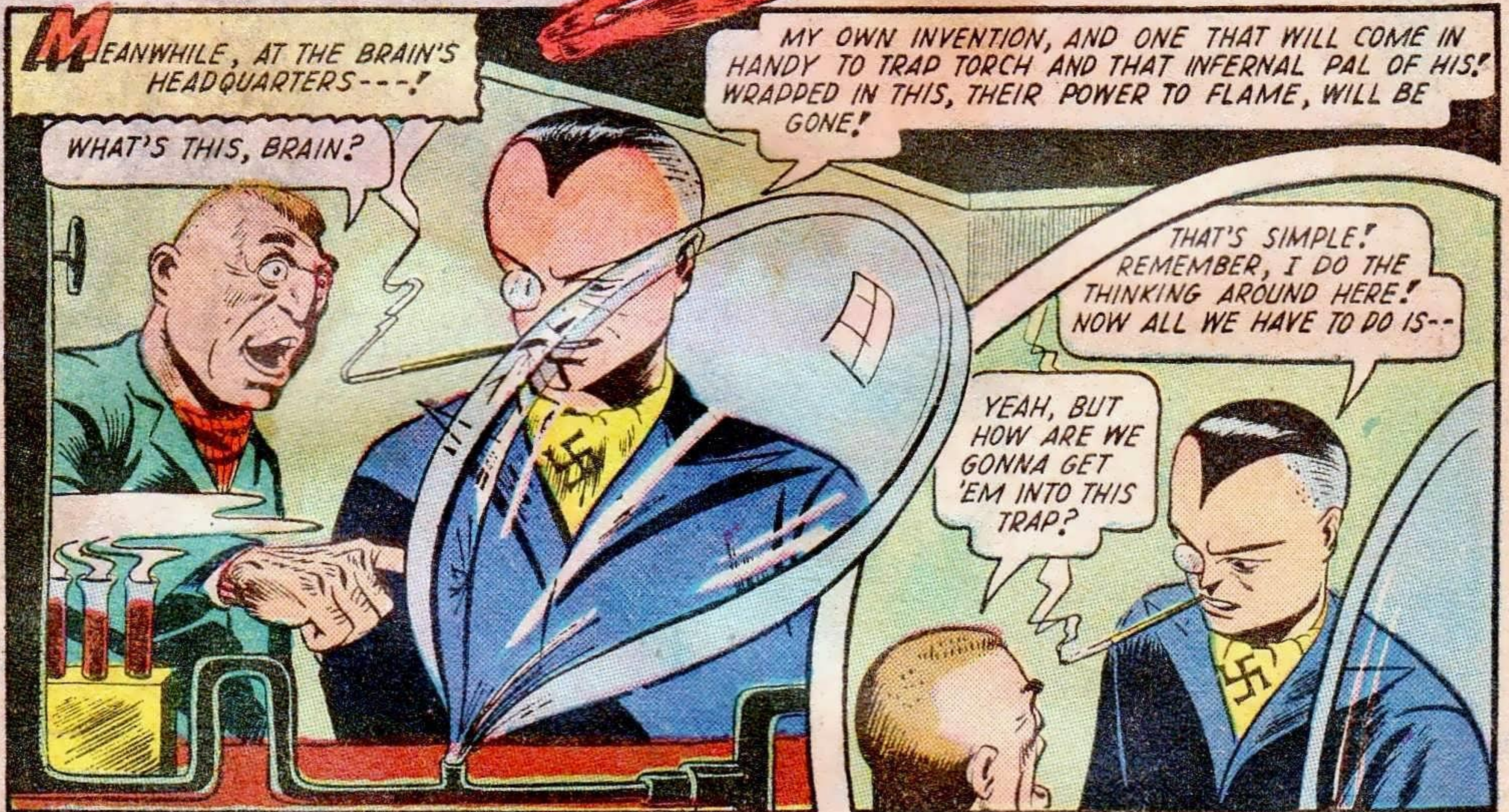


OUCH--MY HEAD! WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THIS!

WE WON'T! BUT FIRST WE'VE GOT TO GET GOING! SOMEONE'S COMING AND THERE'S NO TIME TO ANSWER QUESTIONS!

WHERE TO, TORCH?

WASHINGTON! THAT'S WHERE THE BRAINS HEADQUARTERS ARE!



MEANWHILE, AT THE BRAIN'S HEADQUARTERS----

WHAT'S THIS, BRAIN?

MY OWN INVENTION, AND ONE THAT WILL COME IN HANDY TO TRAP TORCH AND THAT INFERNAL PAL OF HIS! WRAPPED IN THIS, THEIR POWER TO FLAME, WILL BE GONE!

THAT'S SIMPLE! REMEMBER, I DO THE THINKING AROUND HERE! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS--

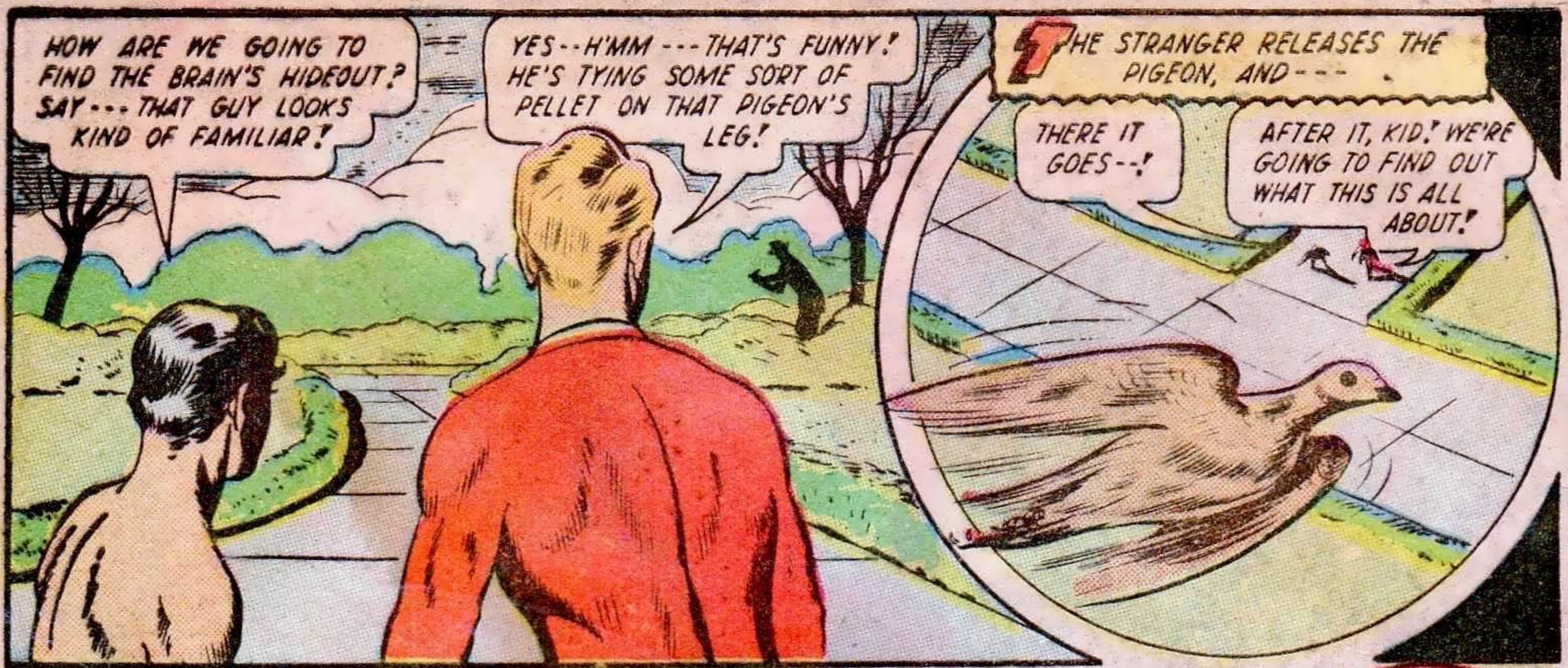
YEAH, BUT HOW ARE WE GONNA GET 'EM INTO THIS TRAP?



WHILE NOT FAR AWAY----

YOU BETTER FLAME OUT, TORCH! WE DON'T WANT TO START A FIRE IN WASHINGTON PARK!

COMING RIGHT DOWN, TORO!



HOW ARE WE GOING TO FIND THE BRAIN'S HIDEOUT? SAY---THAT GUY LOOKS KIND OF FAMILIAR!

YES--H'MM ---THAT'S FUNNY! HE'S TYING SOME SORT OF PELLET ON THAT PIGEON'S LEG!

THE STRANGER RELEASES THE PIGEON, AND---

THERE IT GOES--!

AFTER IT, KID! WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



TORCH AND TORO FLAME AFTER THE FAST FLYING PIGEON!

GOT HIM!

CAREFUL--WE WANT A LIVE PIGEON, NOT A FRIED ONE ON OUR HANDS!



BACK ON THE GROUND, TORCH READS THE NOTE!

BRAIN:

I WILL MEET YOU AT MY HOME TONIGHT AT 8 O'CLOCK! I'LL DO ANYTHING TO PREVENT FURTHER DESTRUCTION OF LIVES!

Senator Doaks

LET'S GO, TORO!

THAT EVENING AT THE APPPOINTED TIME, THE SIZZLING PAIR FLAME OVER THE NATION'S CAPITOL TO THE SENATOR'S HOME!

SECONDS LATER-- THEY ALIGHT ON THE SENATOR'S LAWN--!



FLAME OFF, KID! WE DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT ATTENTION!

IF YOU ASK ME, THERE'S NO ONE AROUND TO ATTRACT!

DO YOU
THINK
THAT
MESSAGE
WAS A
PHONEY?

IT'S FUNNY THAT THERE
ARE NO LIGHTS! WAIT--
LOOK!

FLAMING THRU THE WINDOW INTO THE BASE-
MENT, THEY FIND---

SAY! WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE?

IT'S NOT
GOOD! THAT
MUST BE
THE SENATOR
ON THE TABLE!
COME ON--
WE'LL GIVE
THEM SOME
HEAT!

THE FLAMING DUO STREAK THROUGH THE WINDOW, ONLY TO FIND----

HEY!

WHAT TH--!
SAY-- THIS
ISN'T GLASS!

WHAT IS THIS?
MY FLAME'S
OUT!

I DON'T
KNOW-- IT'S
SOMETHING
NEW TO
ME!

HA! HA! COME INTO
MY PARLOR SAID
THE SPIDER TO THE
FLY!



TRICKED!---THAT'S JUST
A DUMMY ON THE
TABLE!

YES! AND TWO
MORE ON THE
FLOOR!

HA'H--DID YOU FOOLS THINK
YOU COULD OUT-WIT THE BRAIN?
BUT DO NOT BE SAD! I HAVE
OTHER SURPRISES
IN STORE
FOR YOU!

WHAT IS THIS STUFF,
ANYWAY, TORCH?

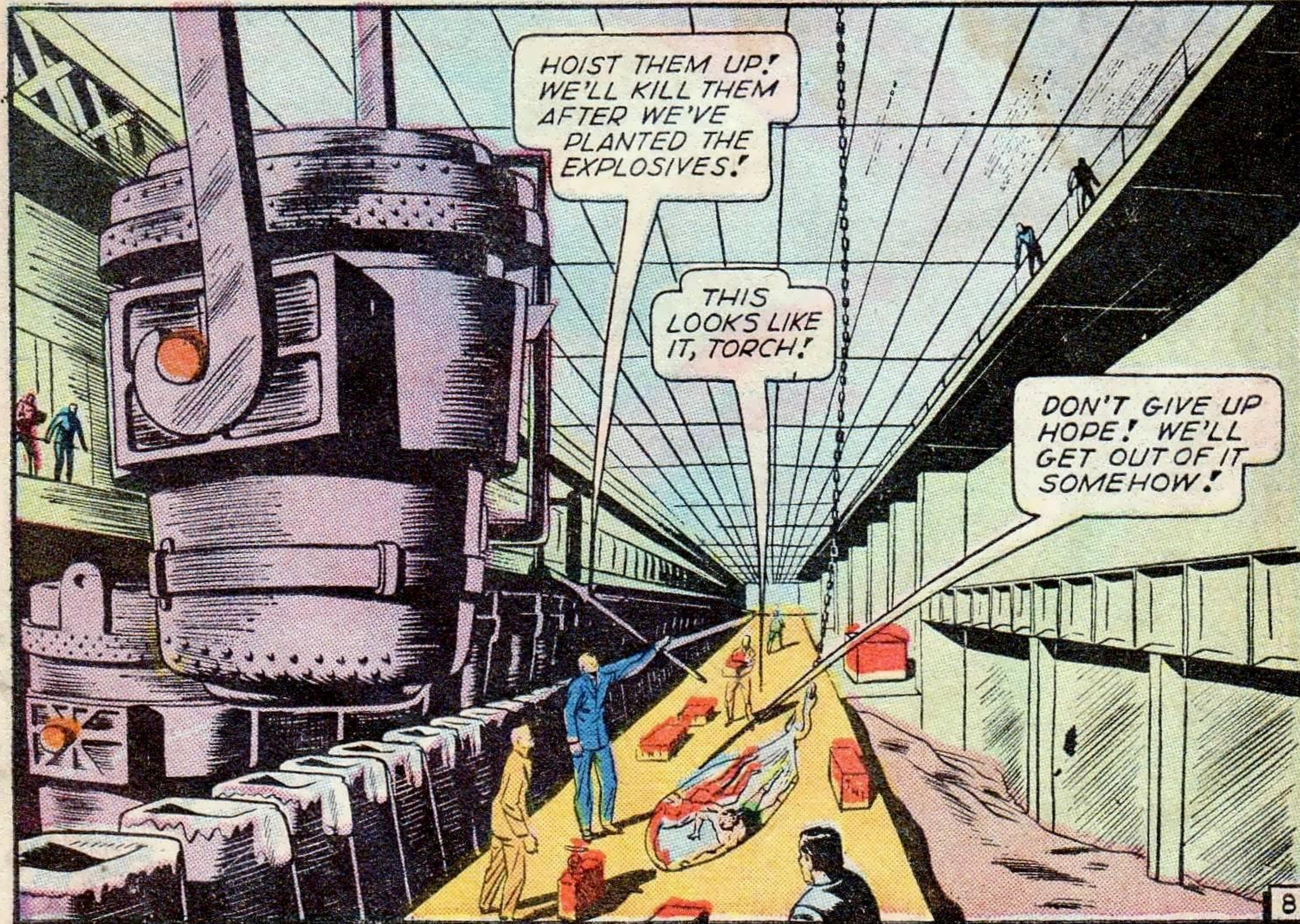
IT'S A FIRE
PROOFED
RUBBER-LIKE
SUBSTANCE!
WE'D BETTER
FIGURE A
WAY OUT
AND
FAST!

LATER--AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BOLTON
STEEL WORKS, LARGEST ROLLING MILL
IN THE COUNTRY!

WE MUST WORK
FAST! AS FOR THESE
FOOLS, WE WILL SEE
IF THEY CAN
FLAME AFTER BEING
FED THROUGH THE
ROLLING MILL!

THAT'S BAD, KID! WE'LL
BE FLATTENED LIKE PAN-
CAKES! WE'VE GOT TO
FIGURE A WAY OUT!

YOU FIGURE IT,
TORCH! I'M STILL-
TRYING TO FIGURE
HOW WE GOT IN!



HOIST THEM UP!
WE'LL KILL THEM
AFTER WE'VE
PLANTED THE
EXPLOSIVES!

THIS
LOOKS LIKE
IT, TORCH!

DON'T GIVE UP
HOPE! WE'LL
GET OUT OF IT
SOMEHOW!

THE SITUATION LOOKS DESPERATE FOR THE HELPLESS PAIR, AS THEY RISE TOWARDS THE CEILING OF THE GIGANTIC MILL.



ALL REVOIR, MY FIERY LITTLE FRIENDS! UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN BY THE ROLLERS! HA! HA! HA!

AH, HA! BOO!

STOP CLOWNING AND THINK! THOSE ROLLERS WILL CRUSH US LIKE EGGS!

THE HEAT, TORO! THE VERY THING THEY'RE TORTURING US WITH NOW, WILL PROVE THEIR DOWNFALL! IT'S MELTING THE GLUE ON THE FLAPS!

WITH THE MILL PREPARED FOR DESTRUCTION, THE BRAIN PREPARES TO FINISH OFF TORCH AND TORO!

START THE MACHINE, EMIL, BUT SLOWLY! I WANT TO SEE THE PIGS CHOKE ON THE FUMES FROM THE FURNACES BEFORE THEY ARE GROUND TO POWDER IN THE MILL!



SURE, BOSS!

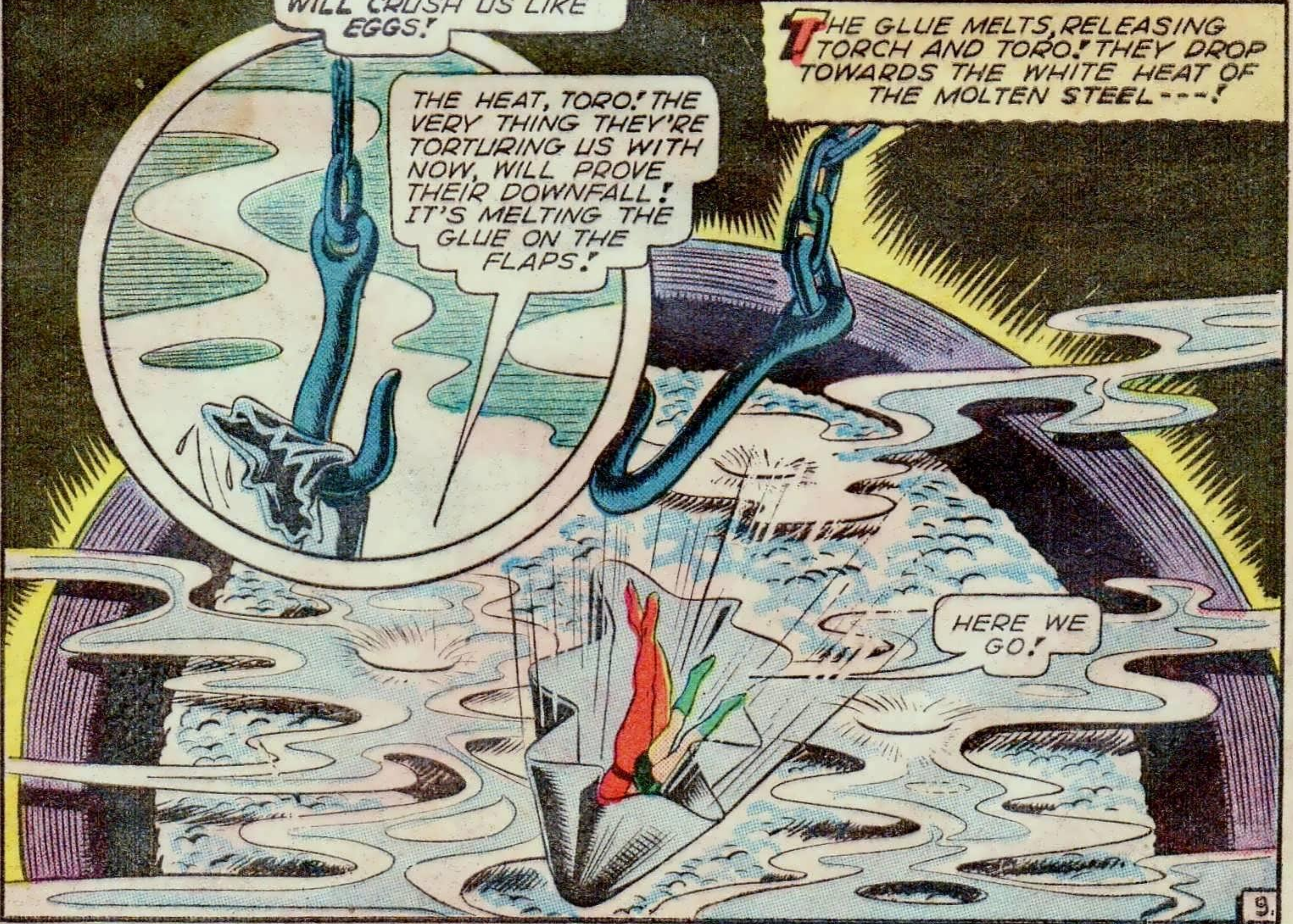
BUT EVEN THE MOST PERFECT CRIMINAL MAKES ONE MISTAKE AND THE BRAIN IS NO EXCEPTION!

HO! HO! THIS IS FUNNY!

TORCH! IT WAS--! SAY! WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?



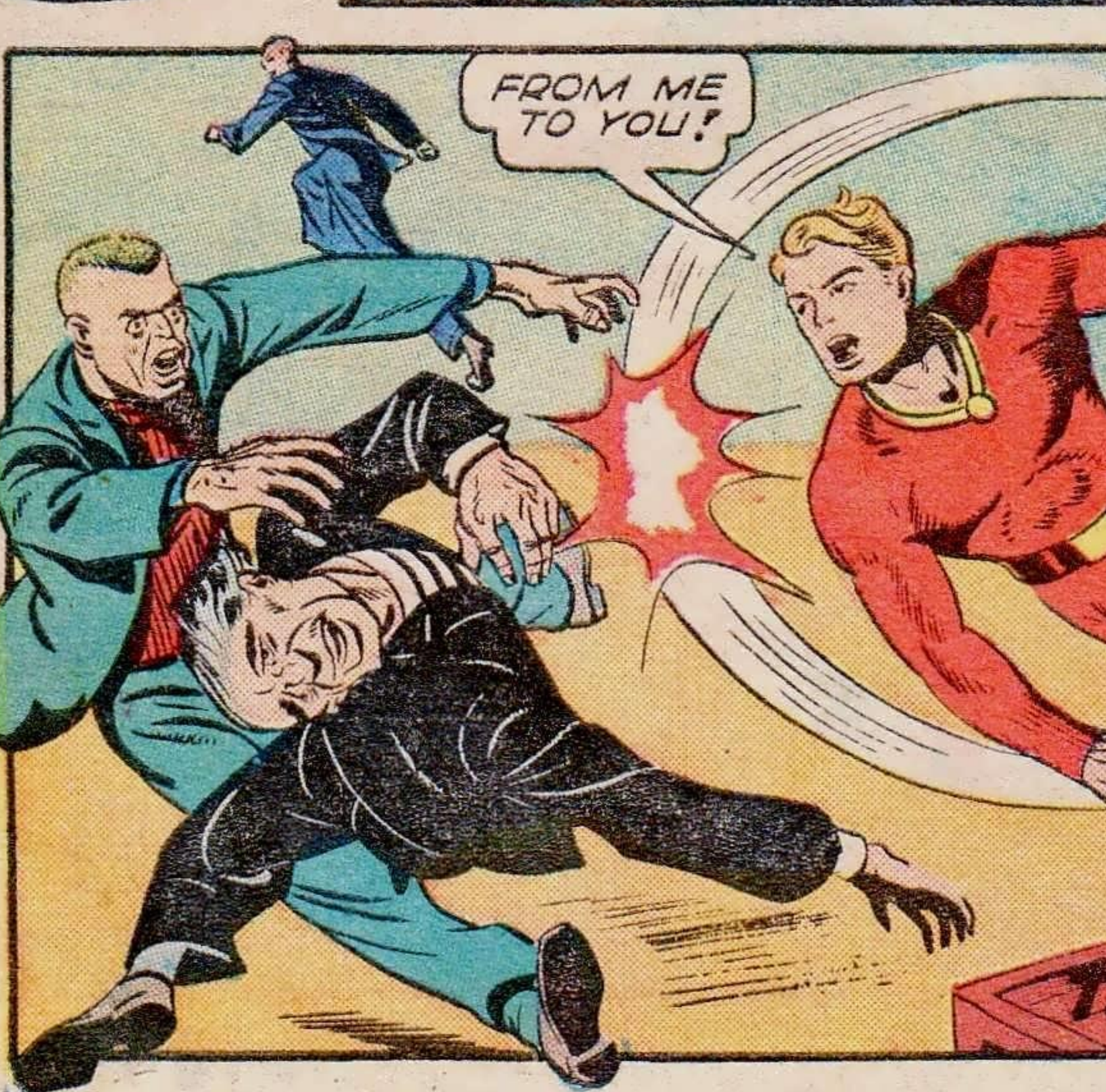
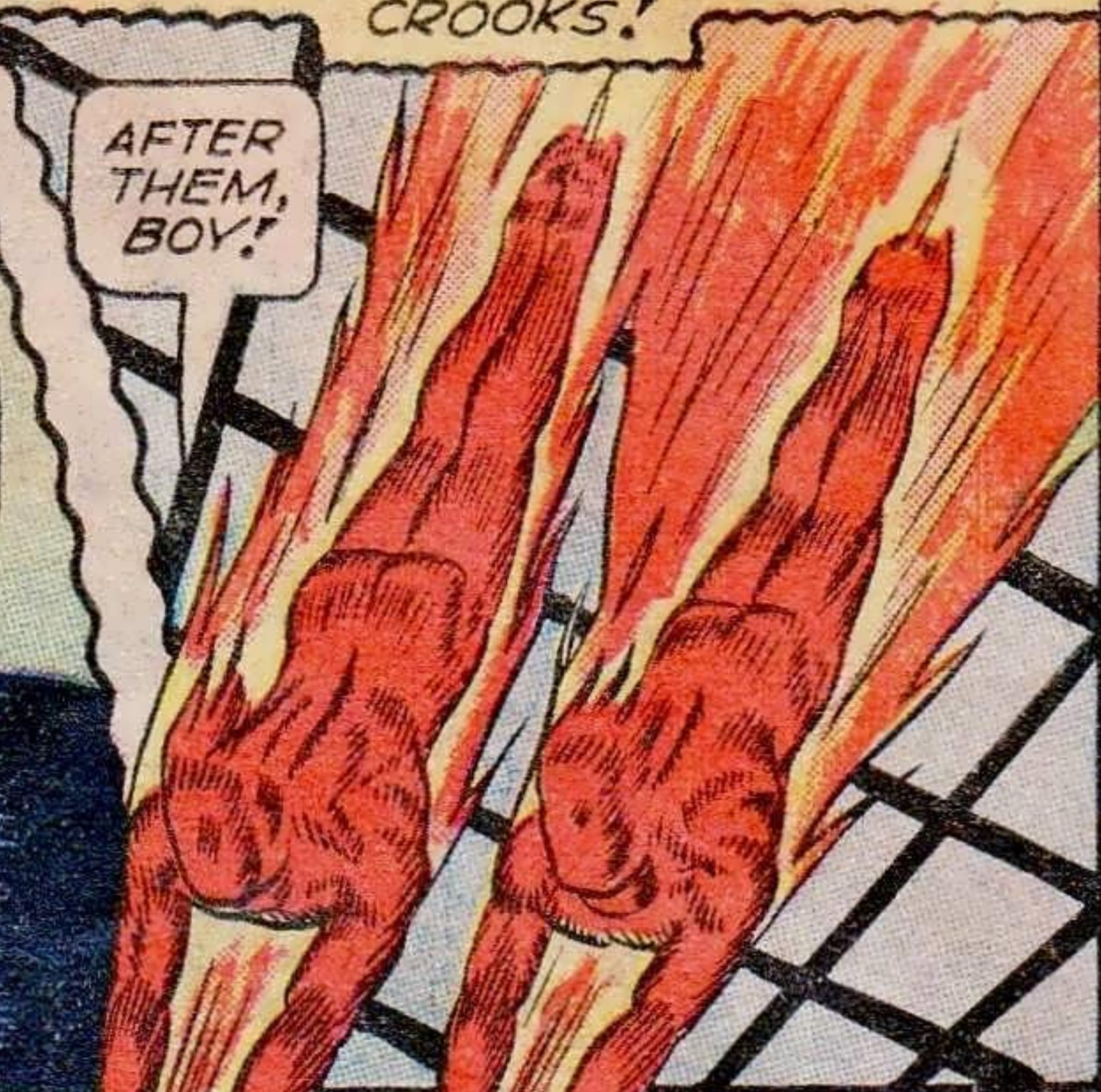
THE GLUE MELTS, RELEASING TORCH AND TORO! THEY DROP TOWARDS THE WHITE HEAT OF THE MOLTEN STEEL----



HERE WE GO!

THE MOULTEN STEEL ERUPTS, THROWING THE TWOSOME CLEAR!

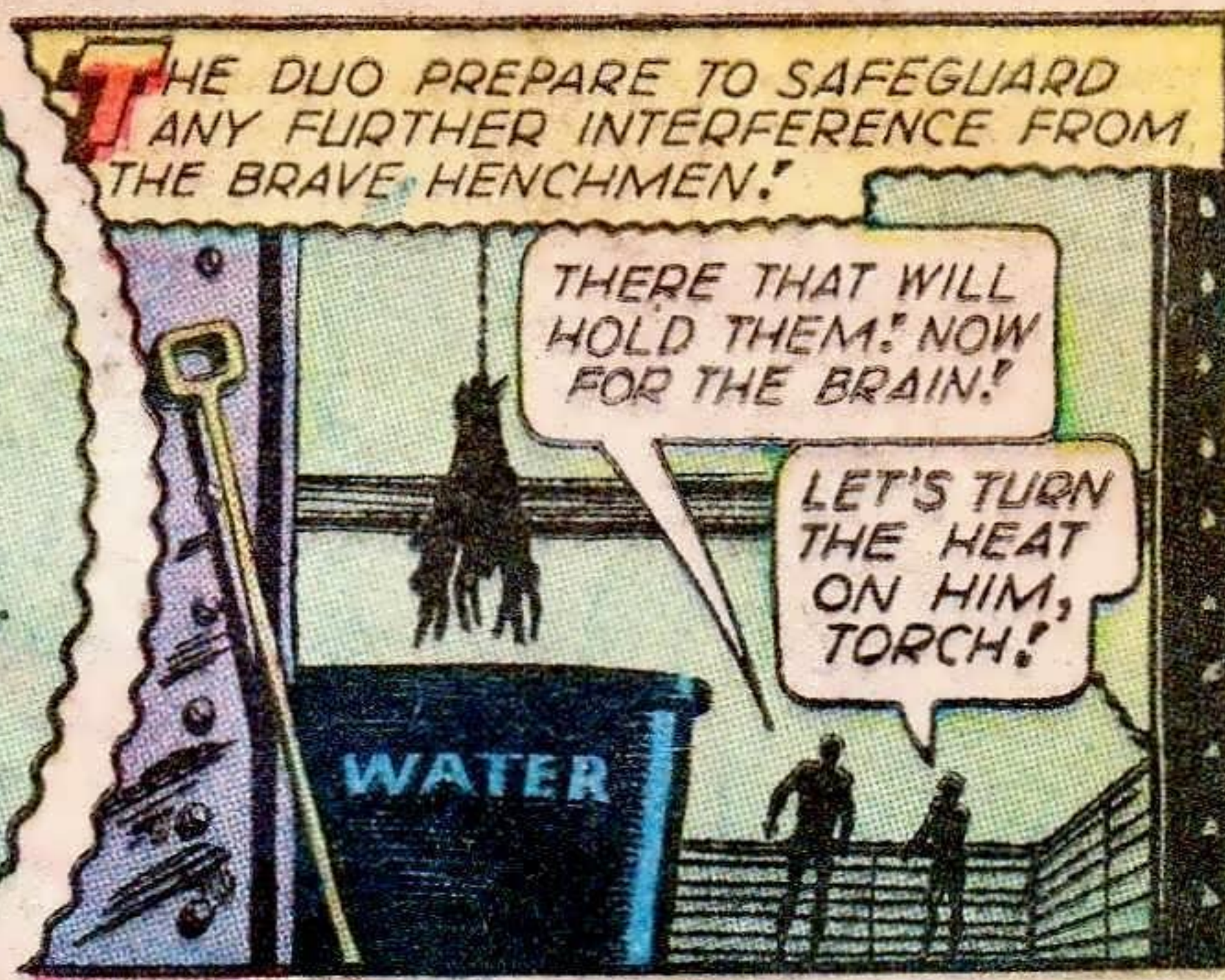
TORCH AND TORO POWERDIVE TOWARDS THE SCATTERING CROOKS!





LEAN ON ME! I DON'T MIND!

UGH!



THE DUO PREPARE TO SAFEGUARD ANY FURTHER INTERFERENCE FROM THE BRAVE HENCHMEN!

THERE THAT WILL HOLD THEM! NOW FOR THE BRAIN!

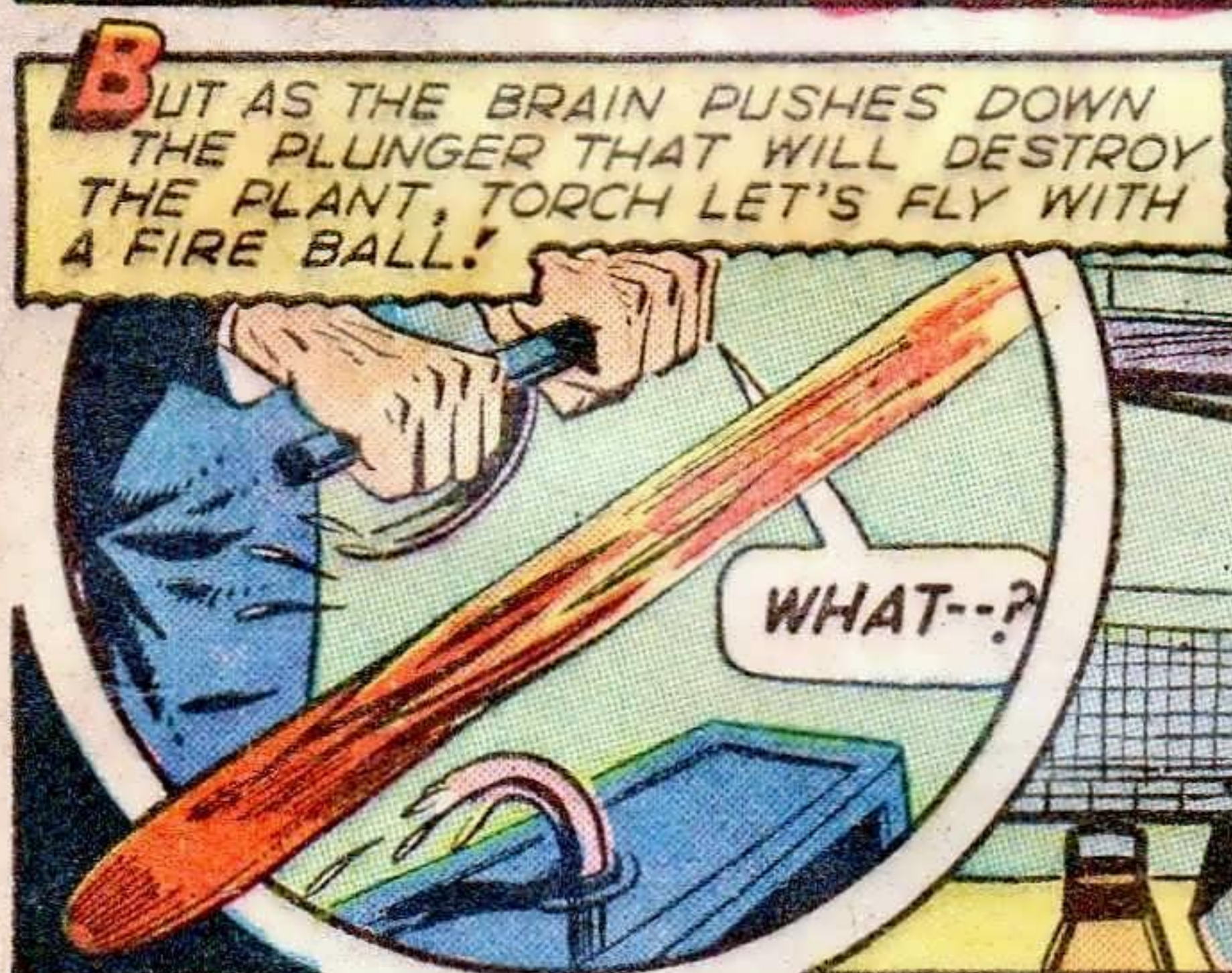
LET'S TURN THE HEAT ON HIM, TORCH!



SECONDS LATER, THEIR FLAME ON FULL BLAST, THE PAIR STREAK AFTER THE BRAIN!

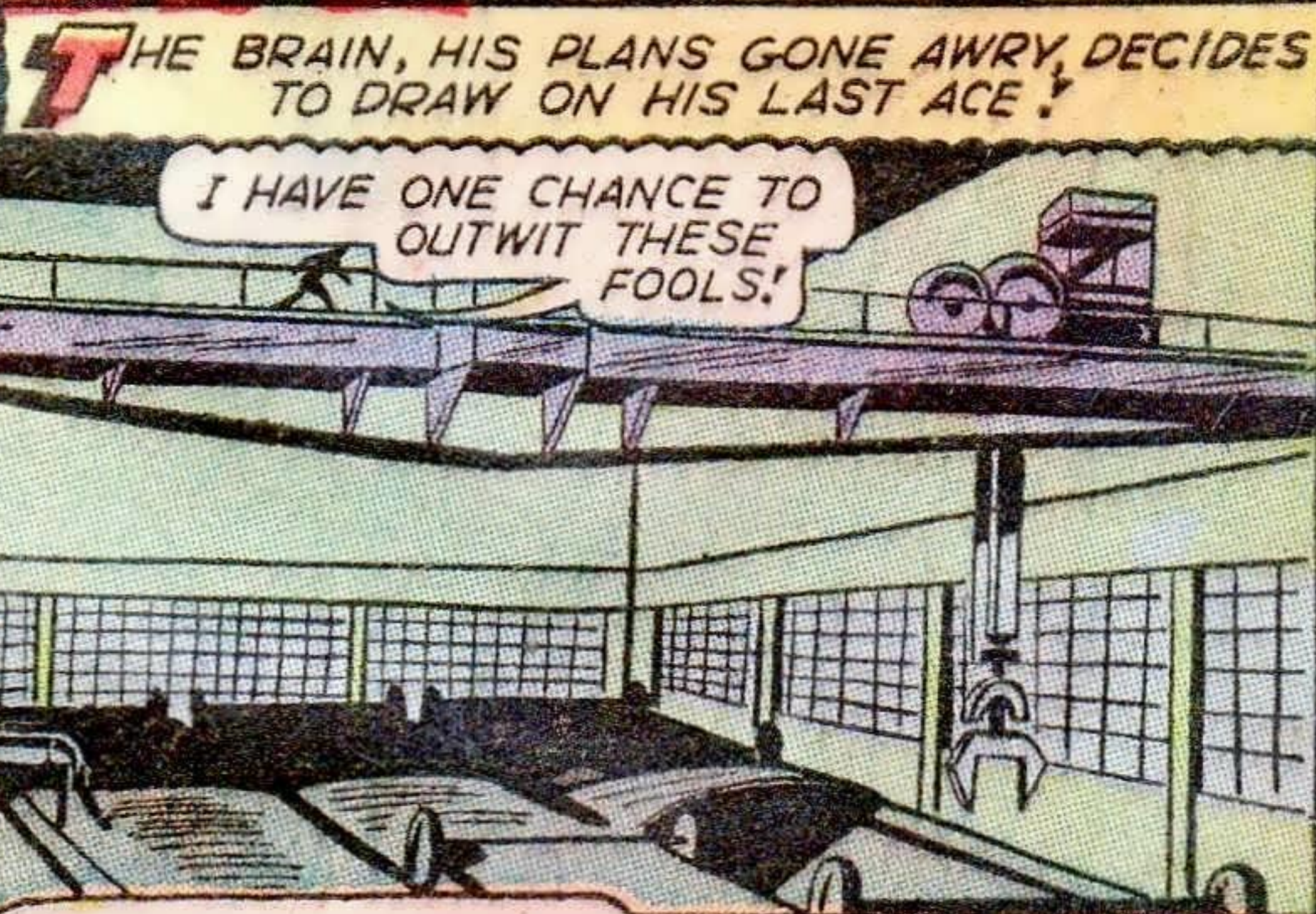
I'LL BLOW US ALL UP BEFORE I'LL LET YOU TAKE ME!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!



BUT AS THE BRAIN PUSHES DOWN THE PLUNGER THAT WILL DESTROY THE PLANT, TORCH LET'S FLY WITH A FIRE BALL!

WHAT--?

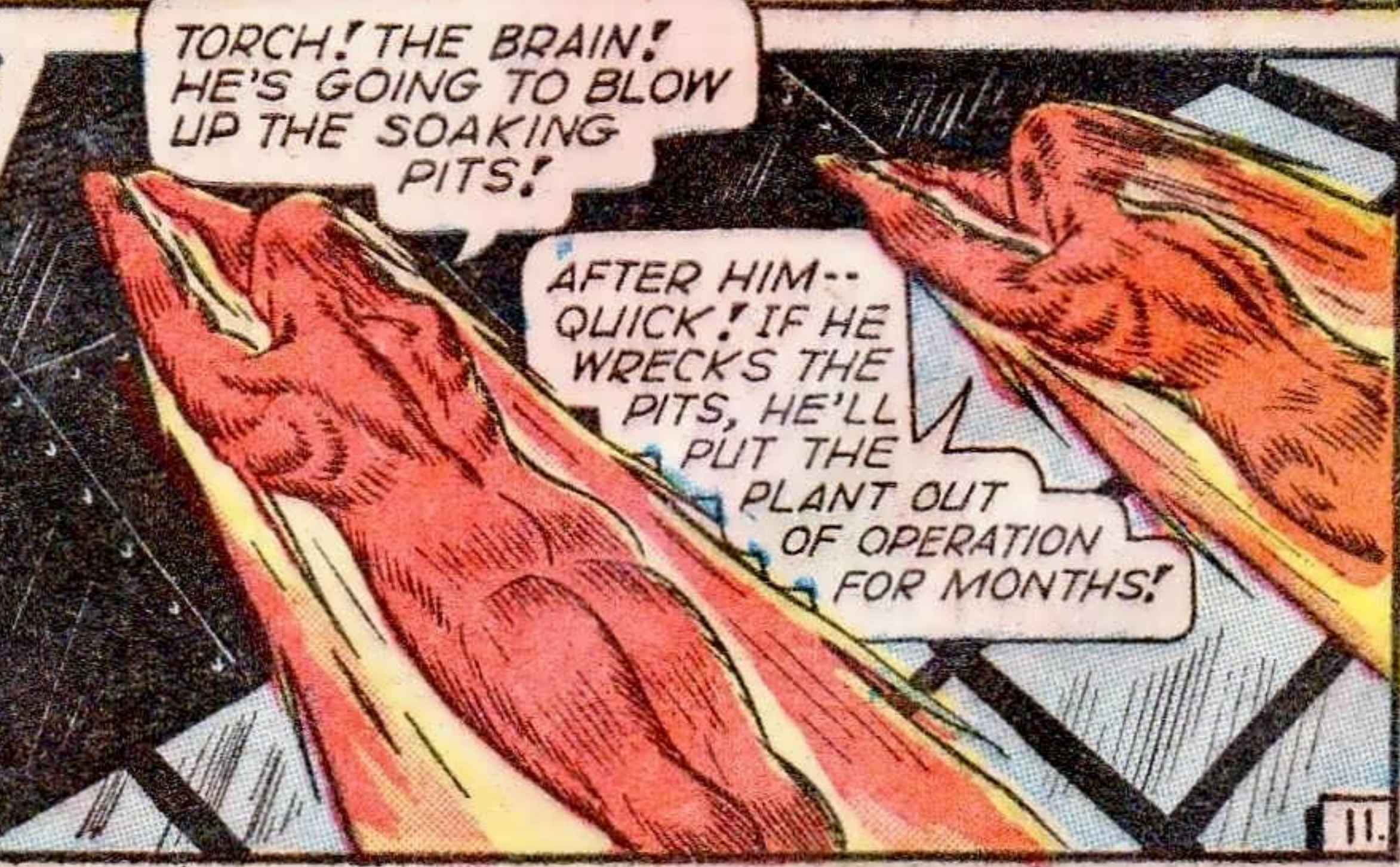


THE BRAIN, HIS PLANS GONE AWRY, DECIDES TO DRAW ON HIS LAST ACE!

I HAVE ONE CHANCE TO OUTWIT THESE FOOLS!



HA! HA! HA! TOO LATE... YOU'LL NEVER STOP ME NOW!



TORCH! THE BRAIN! HE'S GOING TO BLOW UP THE SOAKING PITS!

AFTER HIM-- QUICK! IF HE WRECK'S THE PITS, HE'LL PUT THE PLANT OUT OF OPERATION FOR MONTHS!

NOW FOR THE
FATHERLAND--
AND THE
FUEHRER!

BUT THE MONSTER UNDER-ESTIMATES HIS
ADVERSARIES!

HERE--LET ME
LIGHT IT FOR YOU!

UGH!

THE
BRAIN
LOSES
HIS
BALANCE
AND
TUMBLES
OVER THE
RAILING
TO THE
PITS
BELOW!

YOW!

A SENATOR
WHO TURNED
TRAITOR!

SENATOR
DOAKS!

TORCH AND TORO, TURN THE NAZI THUGS OVER
TO THE POLICE! THEN LIKE TWO FIERY METEORS,
THEY STREAK FOR HOME!

NOW
WE'LL
NEVER
KNOW
WHO HE
REALLY
IS!

YES, WE
WILL, KID!
THE BRAIN
IS WEARING
A MASK!

LET'S
CALL
IT A
DAY,
TORO!

THE END

HUMAN TORCH

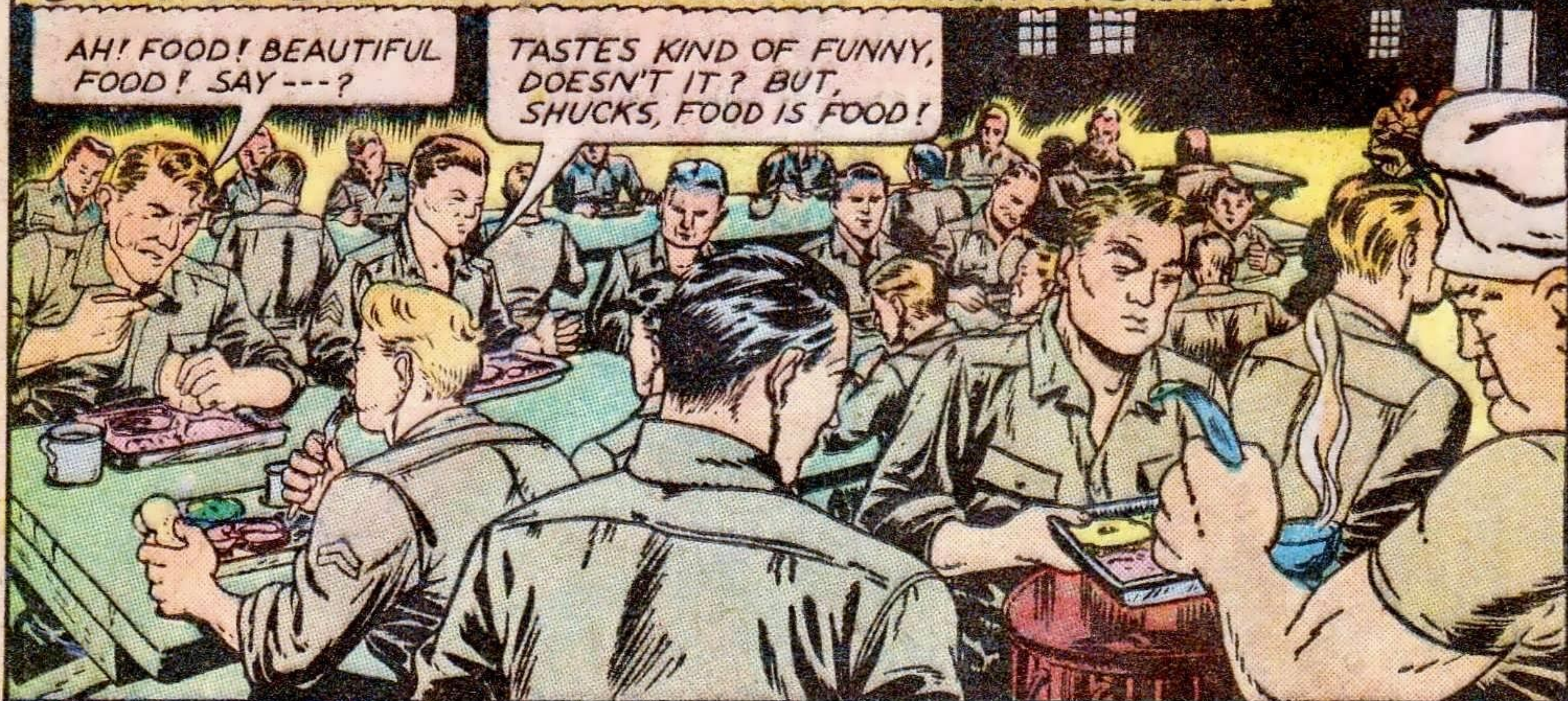


IN A U.S. ARMY CAMP
SOLDIERS DIED IN HORR-
IBLE AGONY! WHEN
TORCH AND TORO TOOK
UP THE TRAIL, THEY
FOUND A
**"NAZI POISON
FIEND"**

OUR STORY BEGINS AT A PACIFIC COAST EMBARKATION BASE...

AH! FOOD! BEAUTIFUL
FOOD! SAY ---?

TASTES KIND OF FUNNY,
DOESN'T IT? BUT,
SHUCKS, FOOD IS FOOD!



BUT HALFWAY THRU THE MEAL...

GOSH! I F-FEEL
K-KINDA F-FUN--
OH!

M-ME TOO! GOLLY,
WHAT IS THIS!?



AN OFFICER ENTERS THE MESSHALL AND...

SERGEANT! THERE'S SOME-
THING WRONG WITH THE MEN!
GET DOCTORS, NURSES!

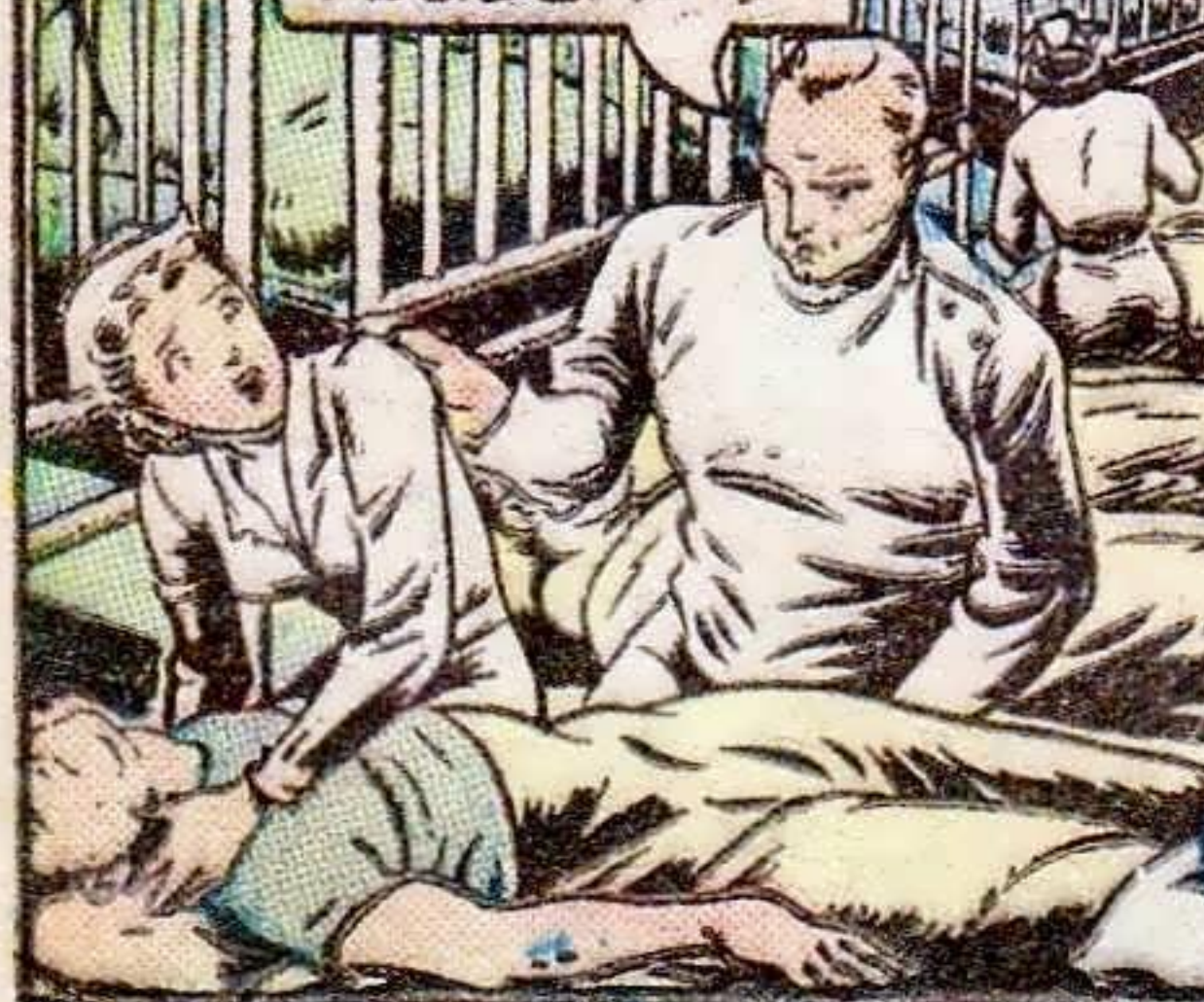
YES SIR!



VICTIMS OVERCROWD THE HOS-
PITAL WHILE DOCTORS WORK
FRANTICALLY TO SAVE THEM...

OH, DOCTOR! HE'S DEAD! WHAT
IS THIS HORRIBLE THING?

FOOD POISONING,
NURSE! AND, IF YOU
ASK ME, IT'S NO
ACCIDENT!



DAILY CLARION
TEN DIE!
HUNDREDS STRICKEN
IN ARMY CAMP!
MEDICAL AUTHORITIES
BELIEVE POISONED
MEAT TO BE CAUSE?

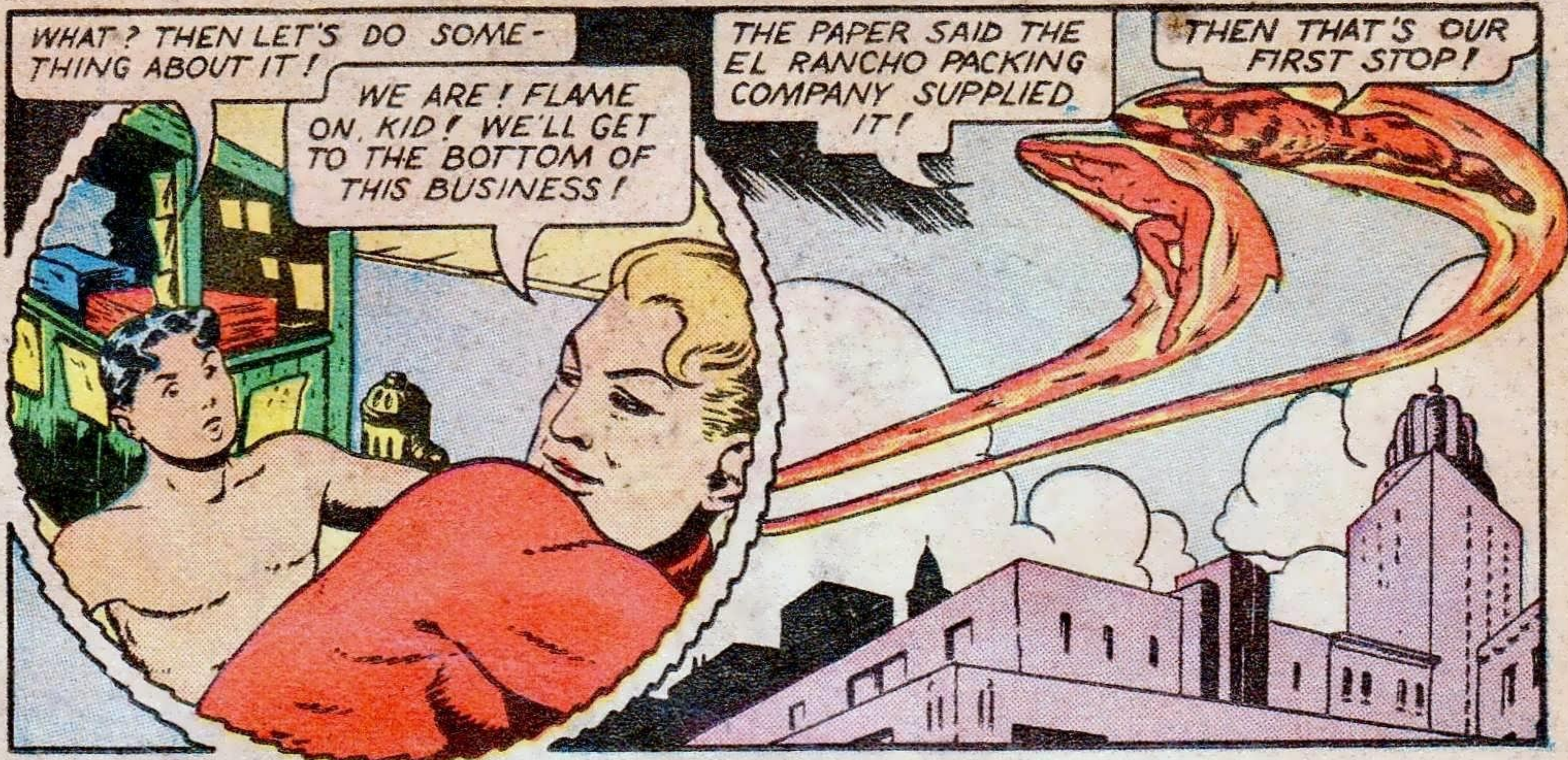
EXTRA BULLETIN
PRESIDENT OF
MEAT PACKING
COMPANY DENIES
NEGLECT AS CAUSE
OF MEAT CONTAM-
INATION 7 13 21

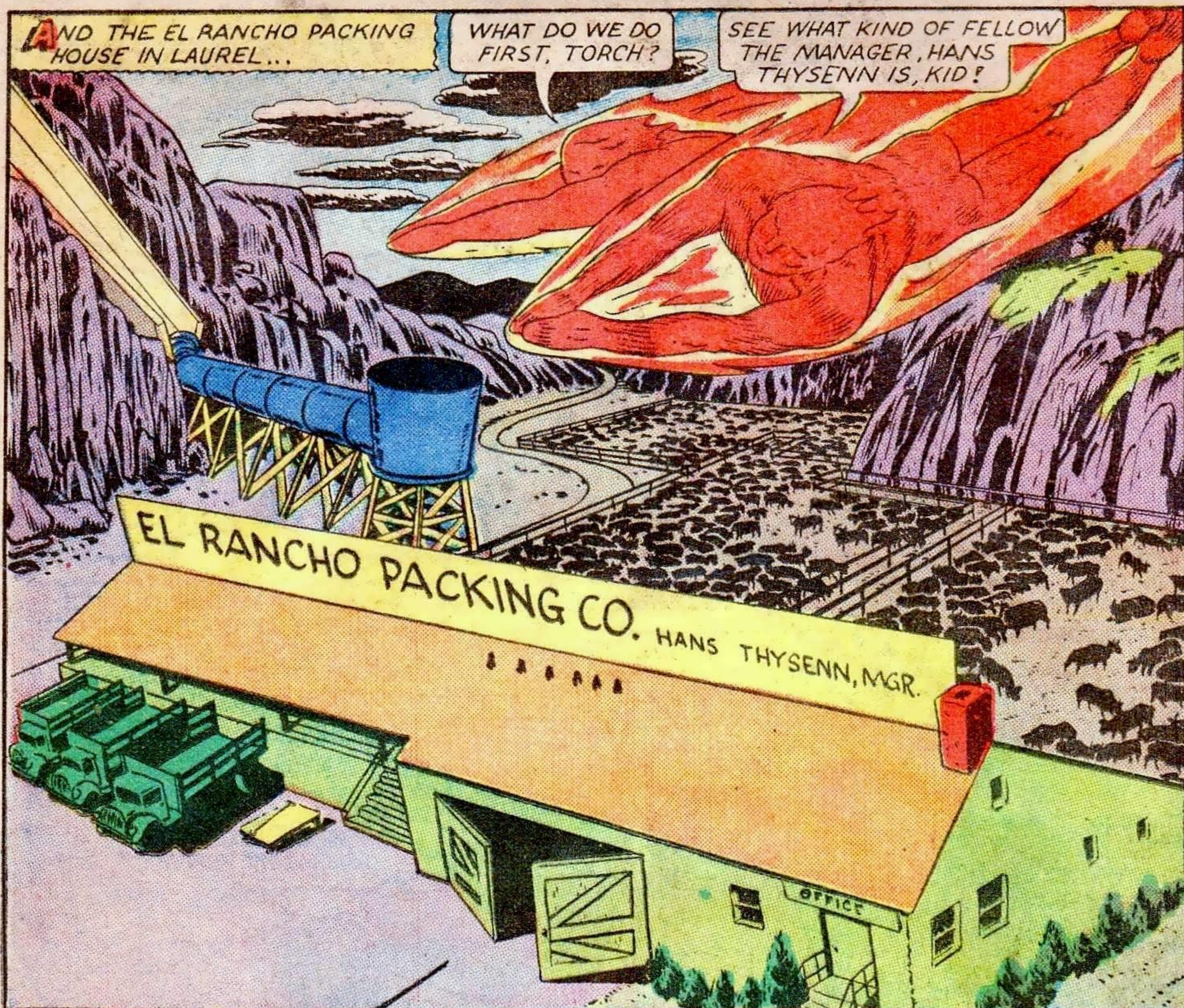
WHILE NOT FAR FROM THE SCENE
OF THE TRAGEDY...

WHAT DO YOU THINK,
TORCH? IS IT A
CASE OF CONTAM-
INATED MEAT?

NO, KID! I
BELIEVE IT
WAS DELIB-
ERATELY
POISONED
BY NAZI SABOT-
EURS!







AND THE EL RANCHO PACKING HOUSE IN LAUREL...

WHAT DO WE DO FIRST, TORCH?

SEE WHAT KIND OF FELLOW THE MANAGER, HANS THYSENN IS, KID!



THE PAIR ARE GREETED WARMLY BY THE PLANT'S MANAGER...

THINK NOTHING OF IT! I'LL BE GLAD TO DO IT! FRITZ! THESE GENTLEMEN WISH TO BE SHOWN THRU THE PLANT!

FRIENDLY CUSS, ISN'T HE?

YES, BUT THERE WAS A LOOK IN HIS EYE THAT I DIDN'T LIKE!



HERE GOVERNMENT INSPECTORS CHECK THE MEAT BEFORE IT IS SHIPPED! THIS LOT IS BEING SENT TONIGHT! EXCUSE ME --- I MUST SPEAK WITH SOMEONE...

DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID?

YES! WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW THE TRUCKS - TONIGHT!

WHILE FRITZ ...

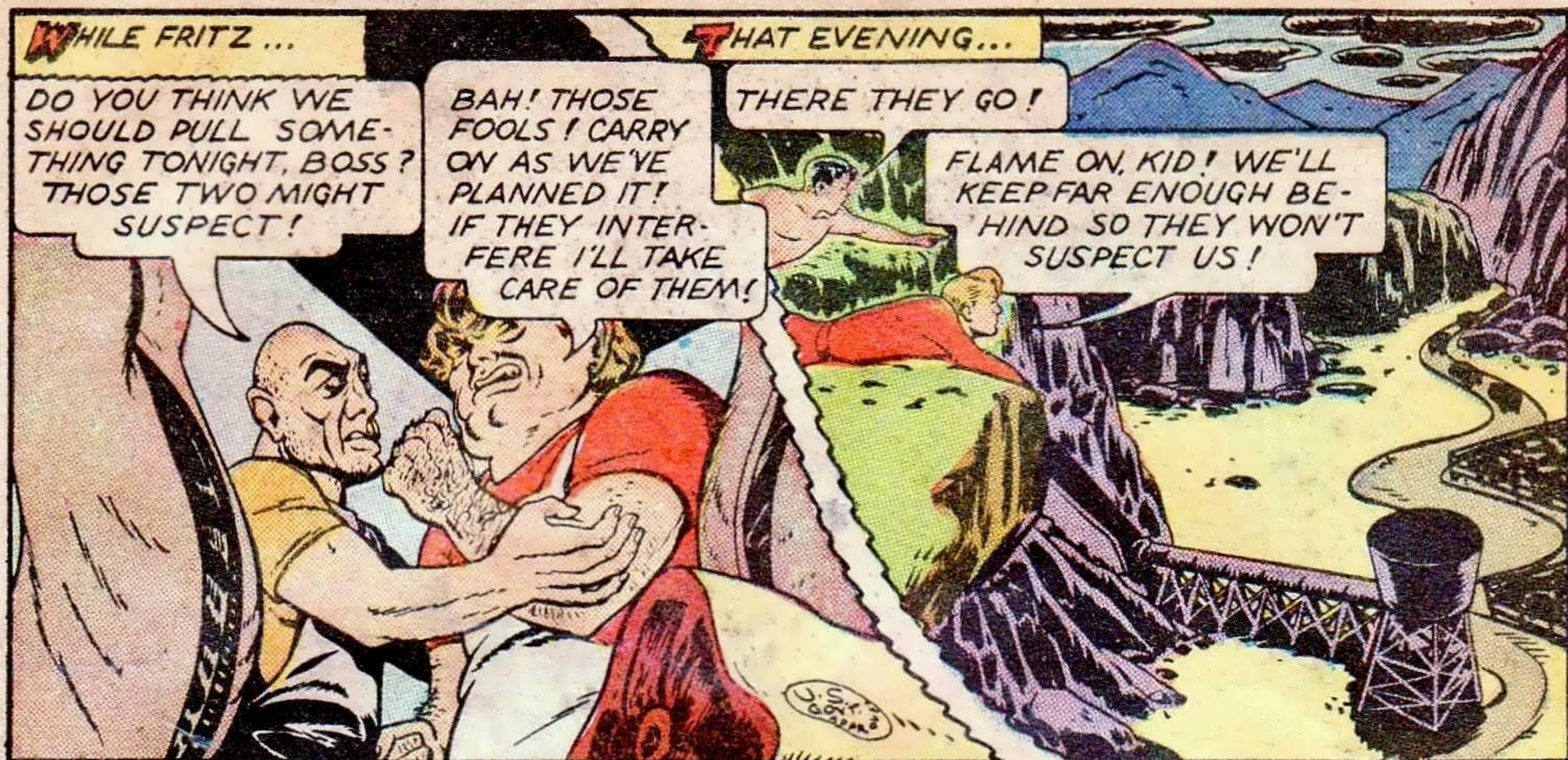
THAT EVENING...

DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD PULL SOMETHING TONIGHT, BOSS? THOSE TWO MIGHT SUSPECT!

BAH! THOSE FOOLS! CARRY ON AS WE'VE PLANNED IT! IF THEY INTERFERE I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!

THERE THEY GO!

FLAME ON, KID! WE'LL KEEP FAR ENOUGH BEHIND SO THEY WON'T SUSPECT US!



THE FLAMING SLEUTHS FOLLOW UNTIL THE ROAD CURVES...

CUTTING ACROSS COUNTRY, THEY WAIT FOR THE TRUCKS TO APPEAR...

HECK! LET'S CUT ACROSS, TORCH! WE CAN CATCH THEM AT THE HEAD OF THE CURVE!

OKAY, KID! IT'S A CINCH NOTHING CAN HAPPEN IN THE MINUTE THEY'RE OUT OF SIGHT!

I THINK WE'RE ON THE WRONG TRACK, TORCH! THE MEAT MUST HAVE BEEN POISONED ELSEWHERE!

MAYBE! SAY! IT'S TAKING THOSE TRUCKS A LONG TIME TO MAKE THE CURVE... OH, HERE THEY COME!



THE TRUCKS UNLOAD...

WE CERTAINLY DREW A COLD PIGEON THIS TIME!

WHAT'S UP, TORCH?

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT-HEY! LOOK AT THIS!

THE LICENSE PLATES, KID! I JOTTED THEM DOWN WHEN WE LEFT THE PLANT BUT NOW THEY DON'T CHECK! THEY'RE DIFFERENT!





**THE INSPECTOR SWIFTLY CHECKS
THE MEAT AND...**

**CYANIDE! NO
DOUBT OF IT!
A VERY POW-
ERFUL POISON!**

**I'LL BE-BUT
TORCH...
HOW!?**

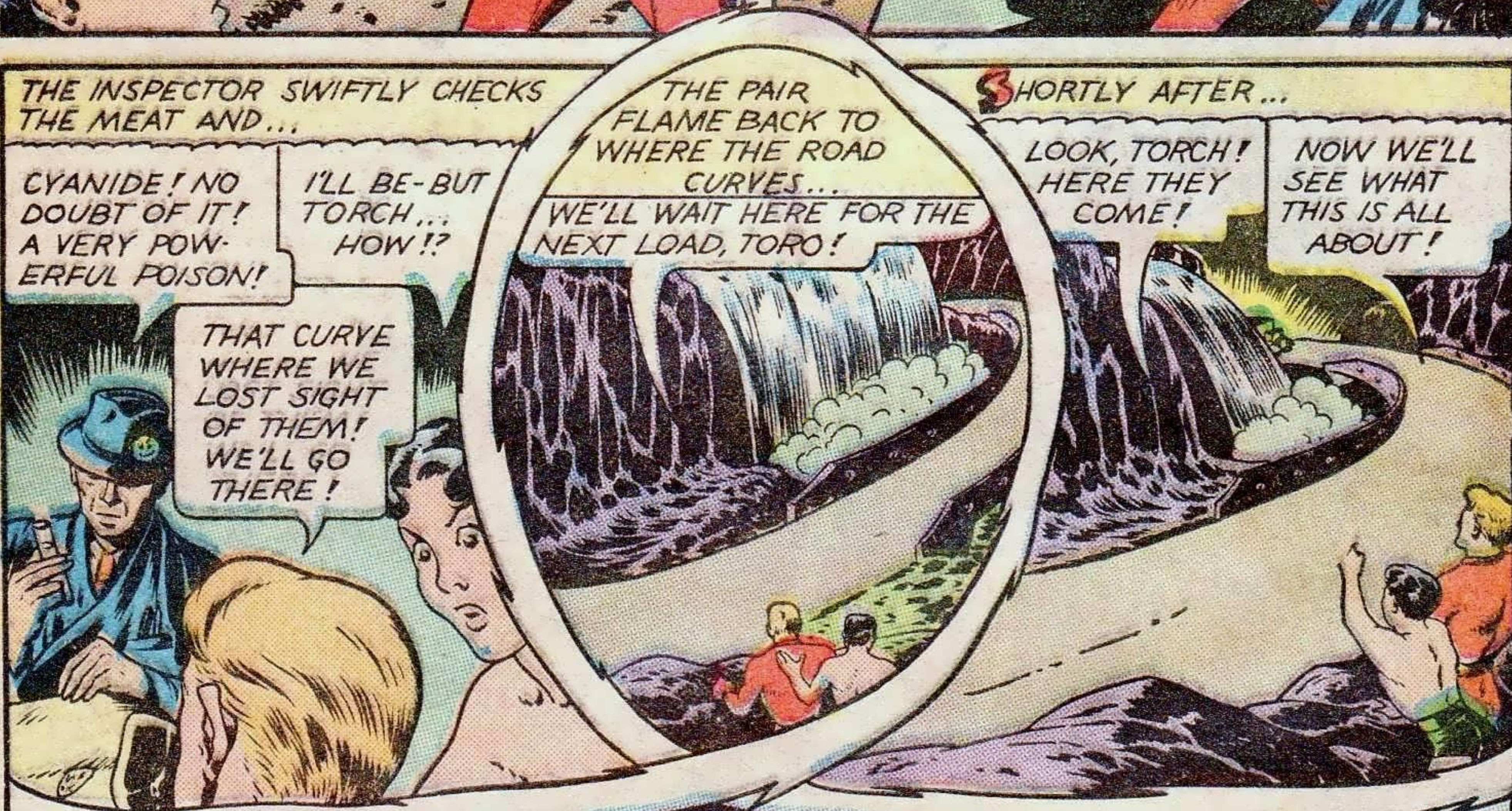
**THAT CURVE
WHERE WE
LOST SIGHT
OF THEM!
WE'LL GO
THERE!**

**THE PAIR
FLAME BACK TO
WHERE THE ROAD
CURVES...
WE'LL WAIT HERE FOR THE
NEXT LOAD, TORO!**

SHORTLY AFTER...

**LOOK, TORCH!
HERE THEY
COME!**

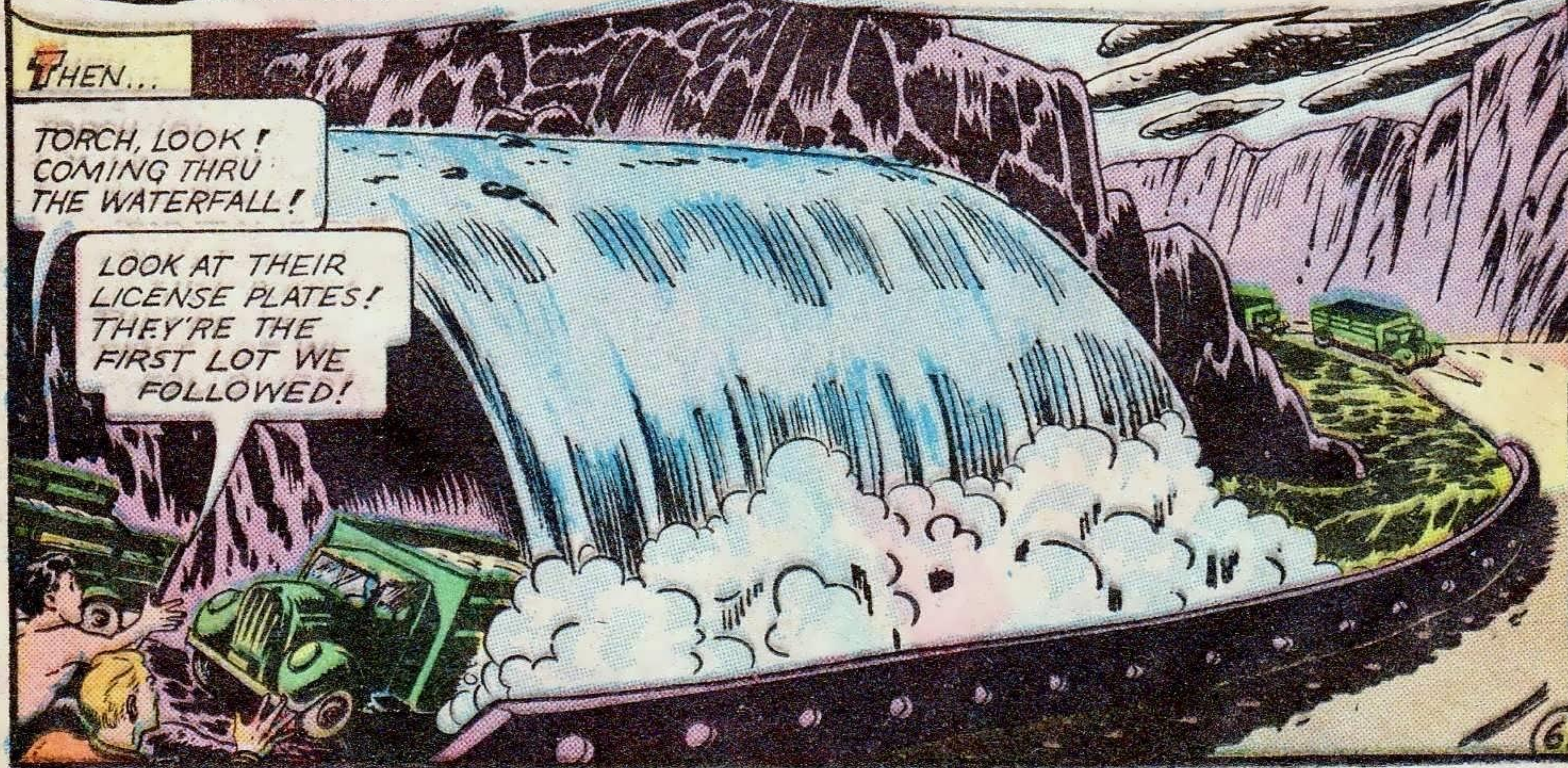
**NOW WE'LL
SEE WHAT
THIS IS ALL
ABOUT!**



THEN...

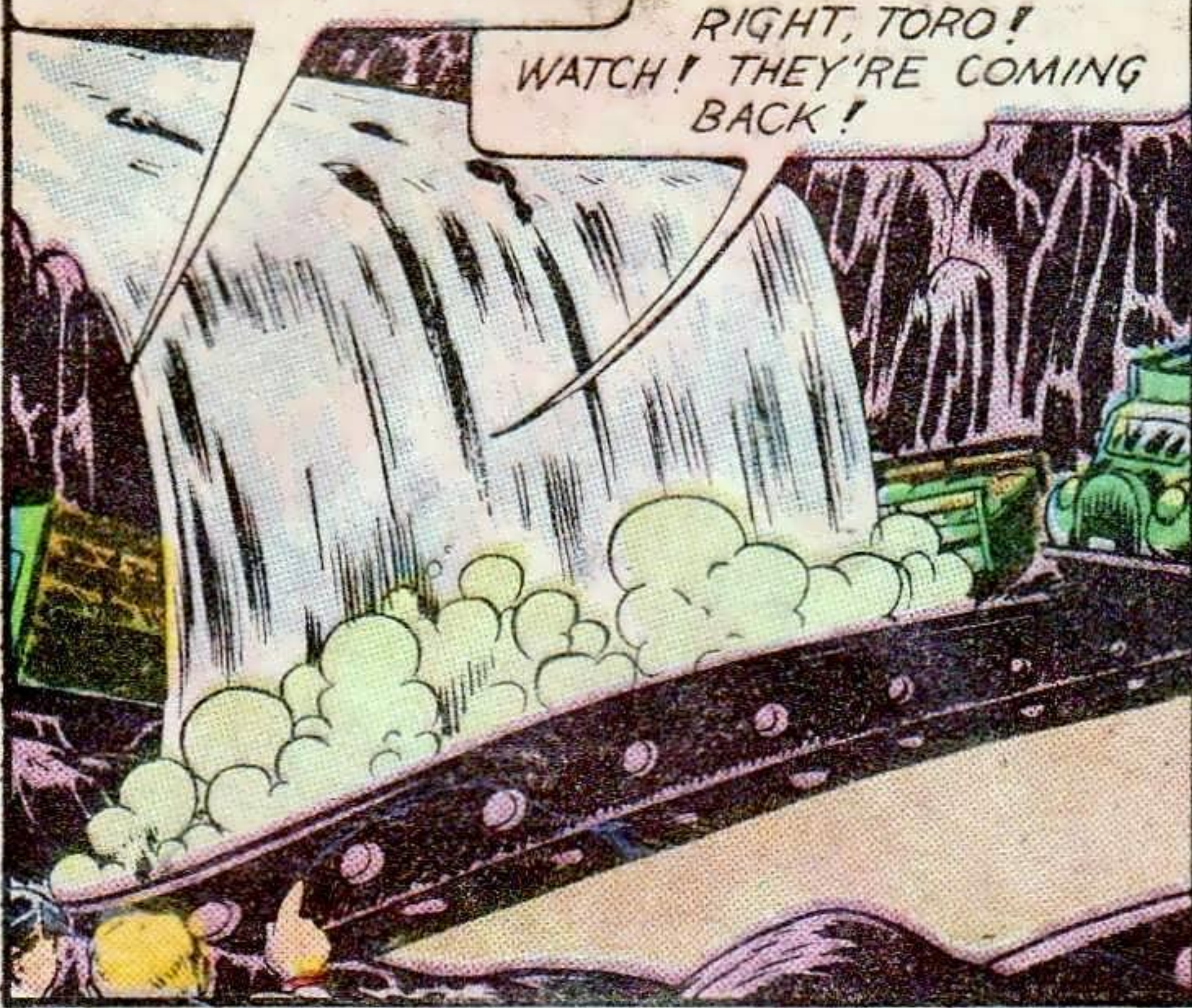
**TORCH, LOOK!
COMING THRU
THE WATERFALL!**

**LOOK AT THEIR
LICENSE PLATES!
THEY'RE THE
FIRST LOT WE
FOLLOWED!**



I GET IT! THE DRIVERS JUST SWITCH TRUCKS THEN THE GOOD MEAT IS DRIVEN INTO A CAVE AND POISONED!

RIGHT, TORO!
WATCH! THEY'RE COMING
BACK!



THE SWITCH COMPLETED. THE TRUCKS
DRIVE OFF...

SAY! ARE WE
GOING TO LET
THEM GET AWAY?

THE F.B.I. WILL TAKE
CARE OF THEM, KID!
OUR JOB IS TO GET
THOSE RATS BEHIND
THE FALLS!

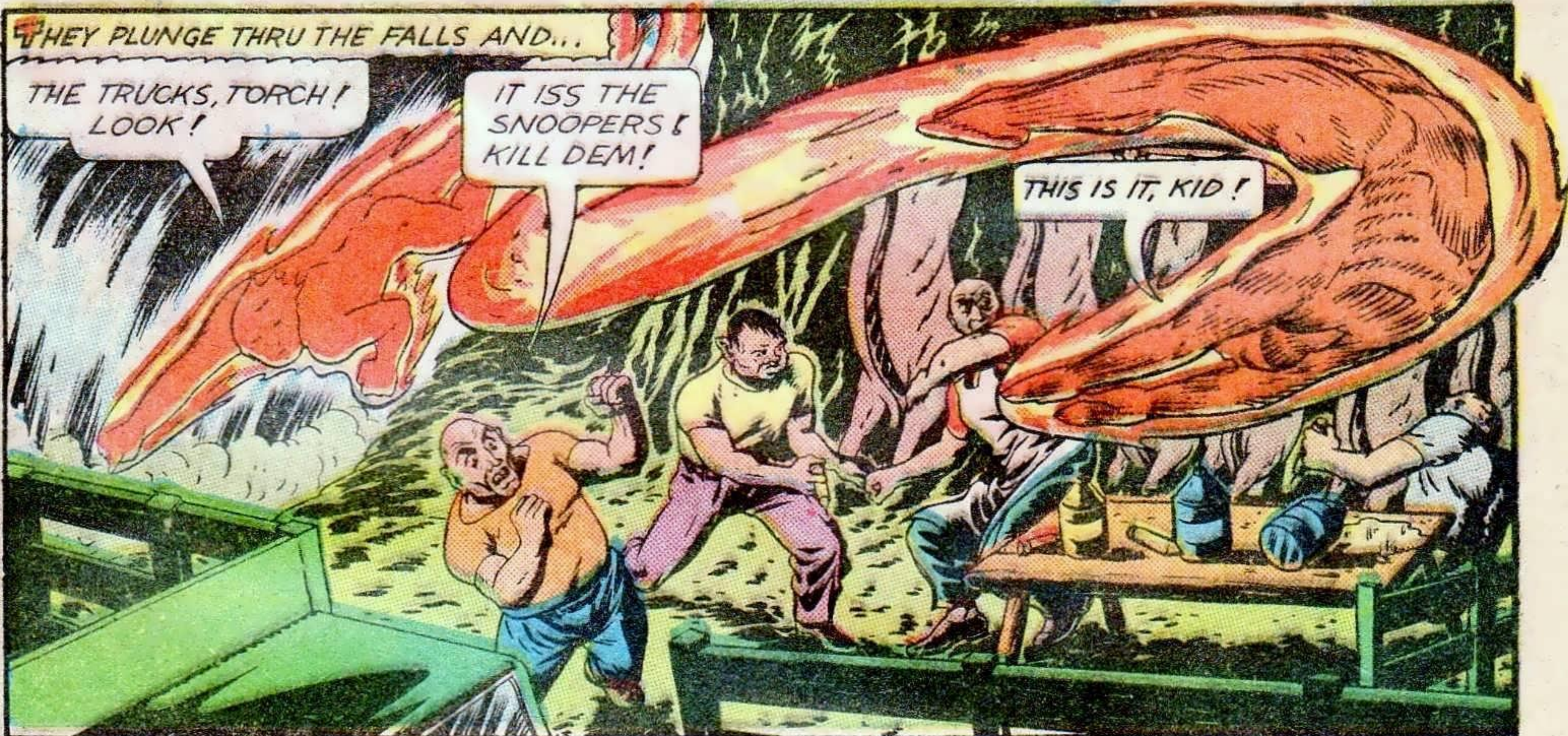


THEY PLUNGE THRU THE FALLS AND...

THE TRUCKS, TORCH!
LOOK!

IT ISS THE
SNOOPERS!
KILL DEM!

THIS IS IT, KID!



YOU LITTLE BRAT! I'LL
POISON YOU LIKE I...
OOPH!

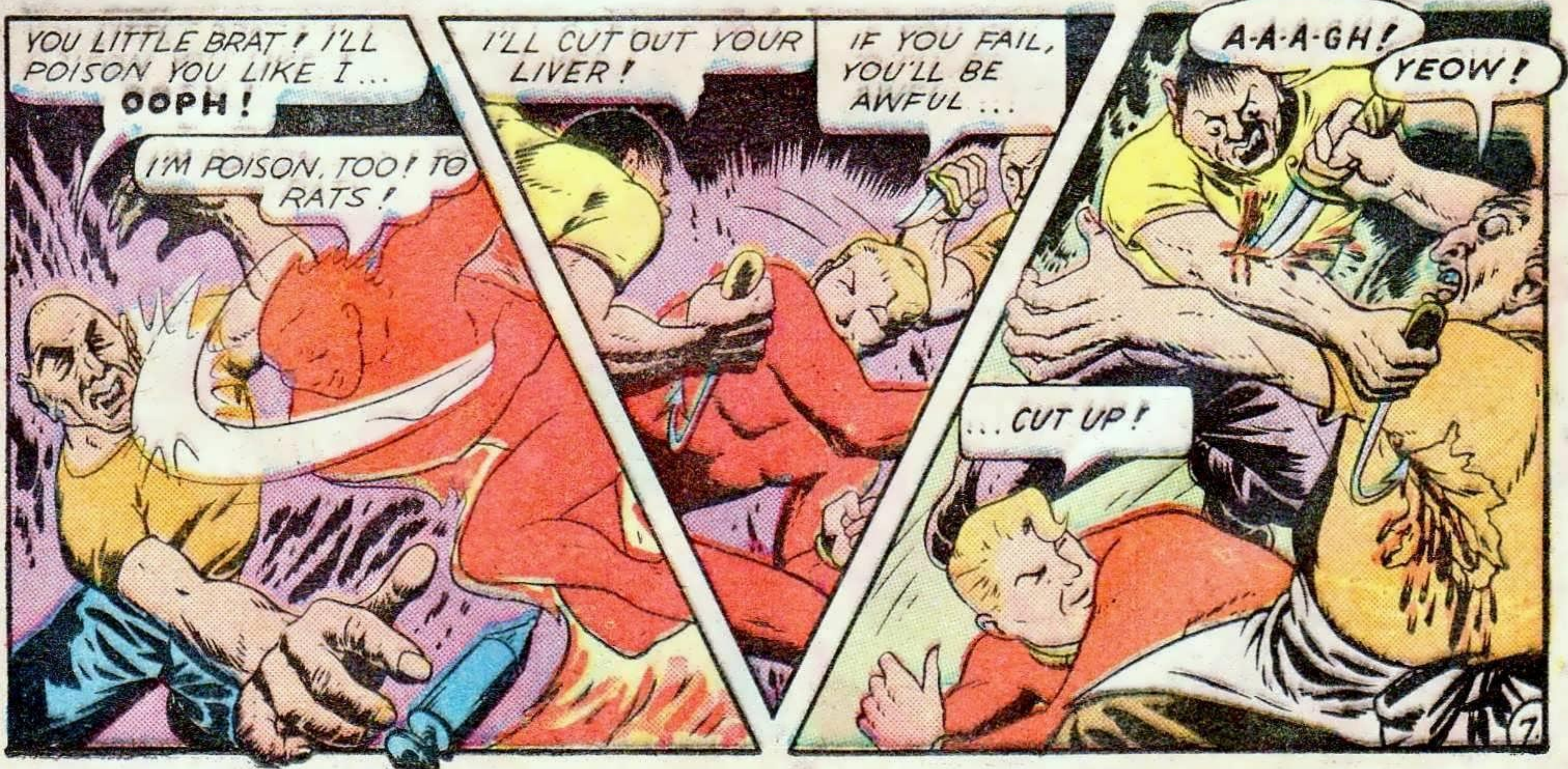
I'M POISON, TOO! TO
RATS!

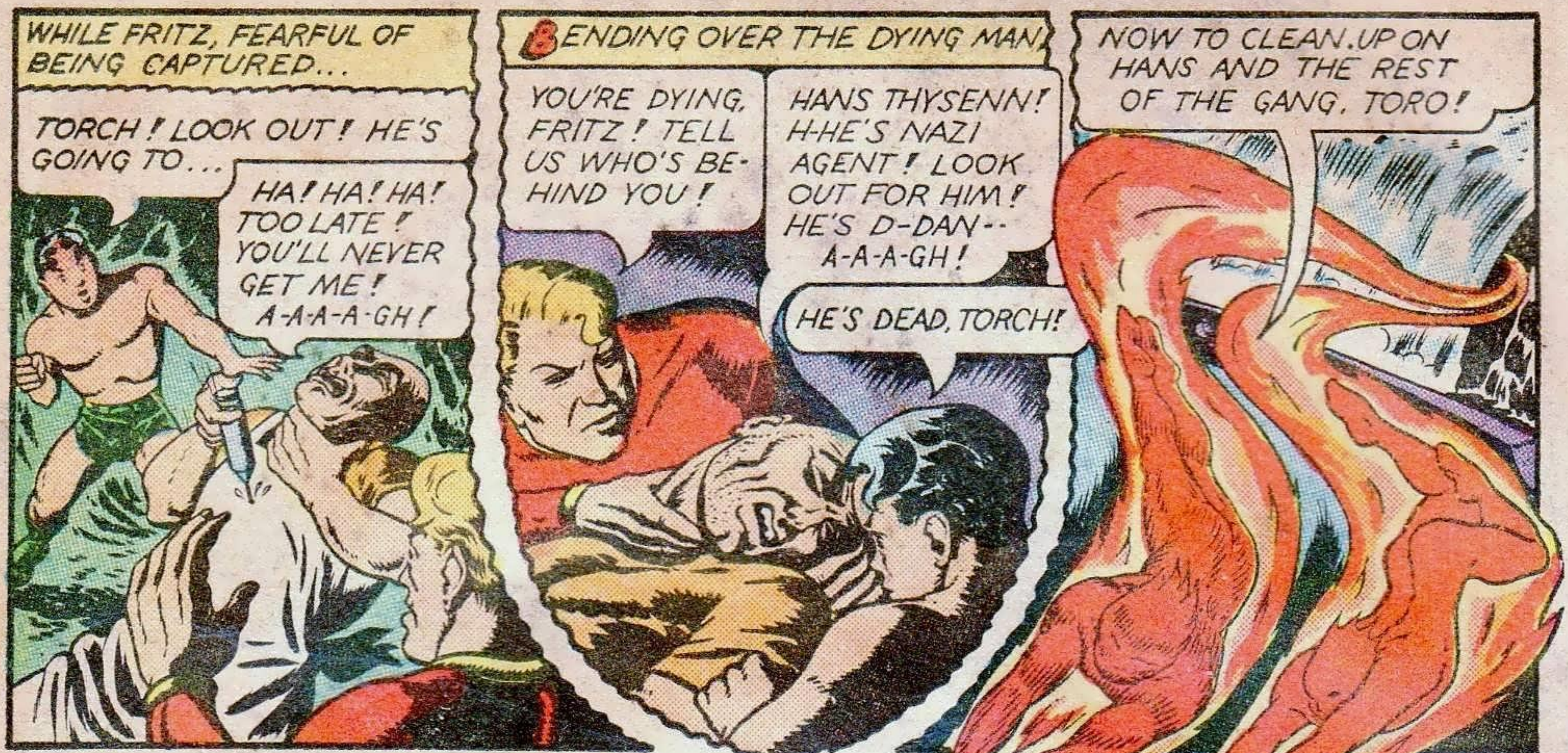
I'LL CUT OUT YOUR
LIVER!

IF YOU FAIL,
YOU'LL BE
AWFUL...

A-A-A-GH!
YEOW!

... CUT UP!





WHILE FRITZ, FEARFUL OF BEING CAPTURED...

TORCH! LOOK OUT! HE'S GOING TO...

HA! HA! HA! TOO LATE! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! A-A-A-GH!

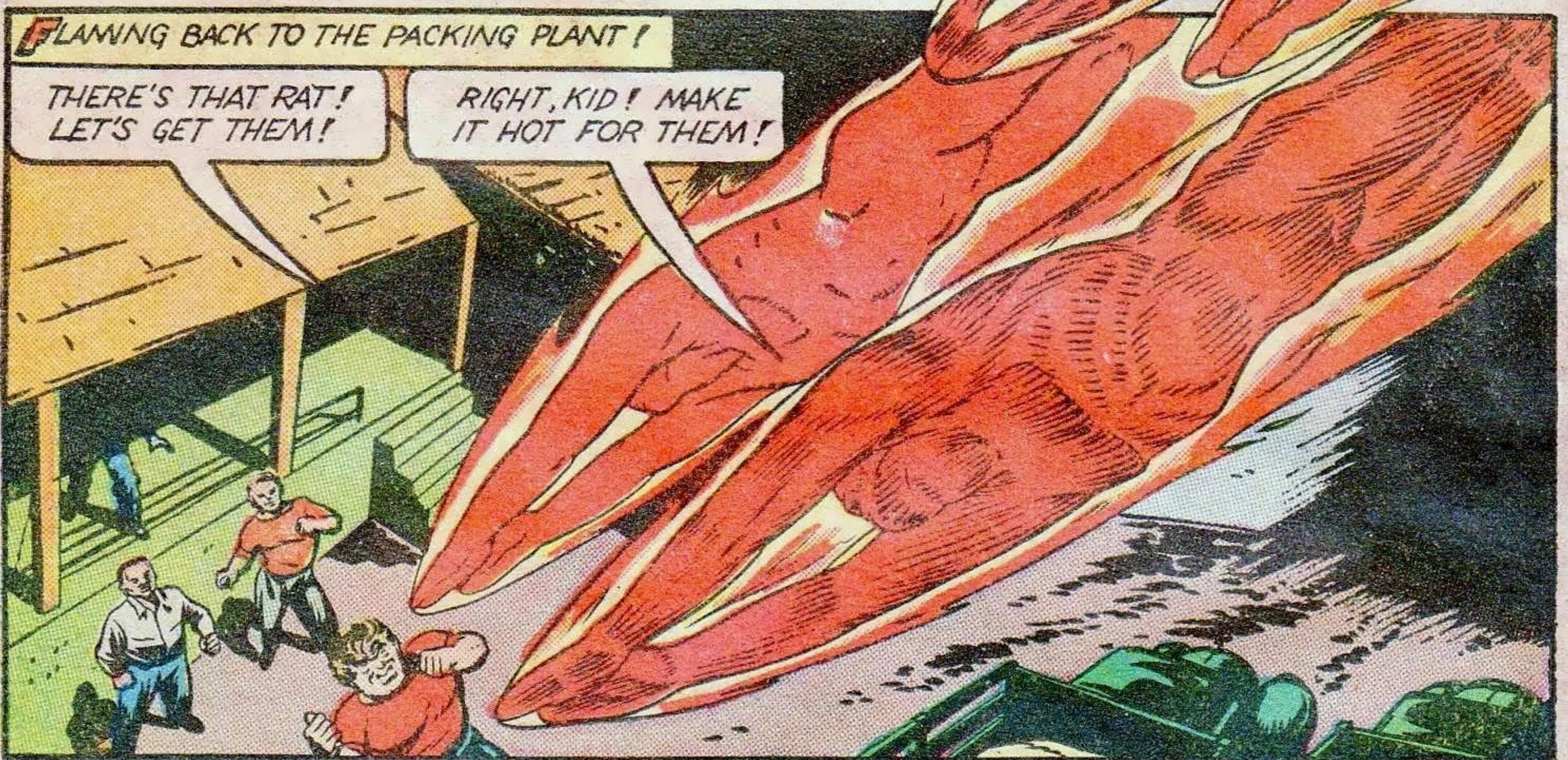
BENDING OVER THE DYING MAN,

YOU'RE DYING, FRITZ! TELL US WHO'S BEHIND YOU!

HANS THYSENN! H-HE'S NAZI AGENT! LOOK OUT FOR HIM! HE'S D-DAN-- A-A-A-GH!

HE'S DEAD, TORCH!

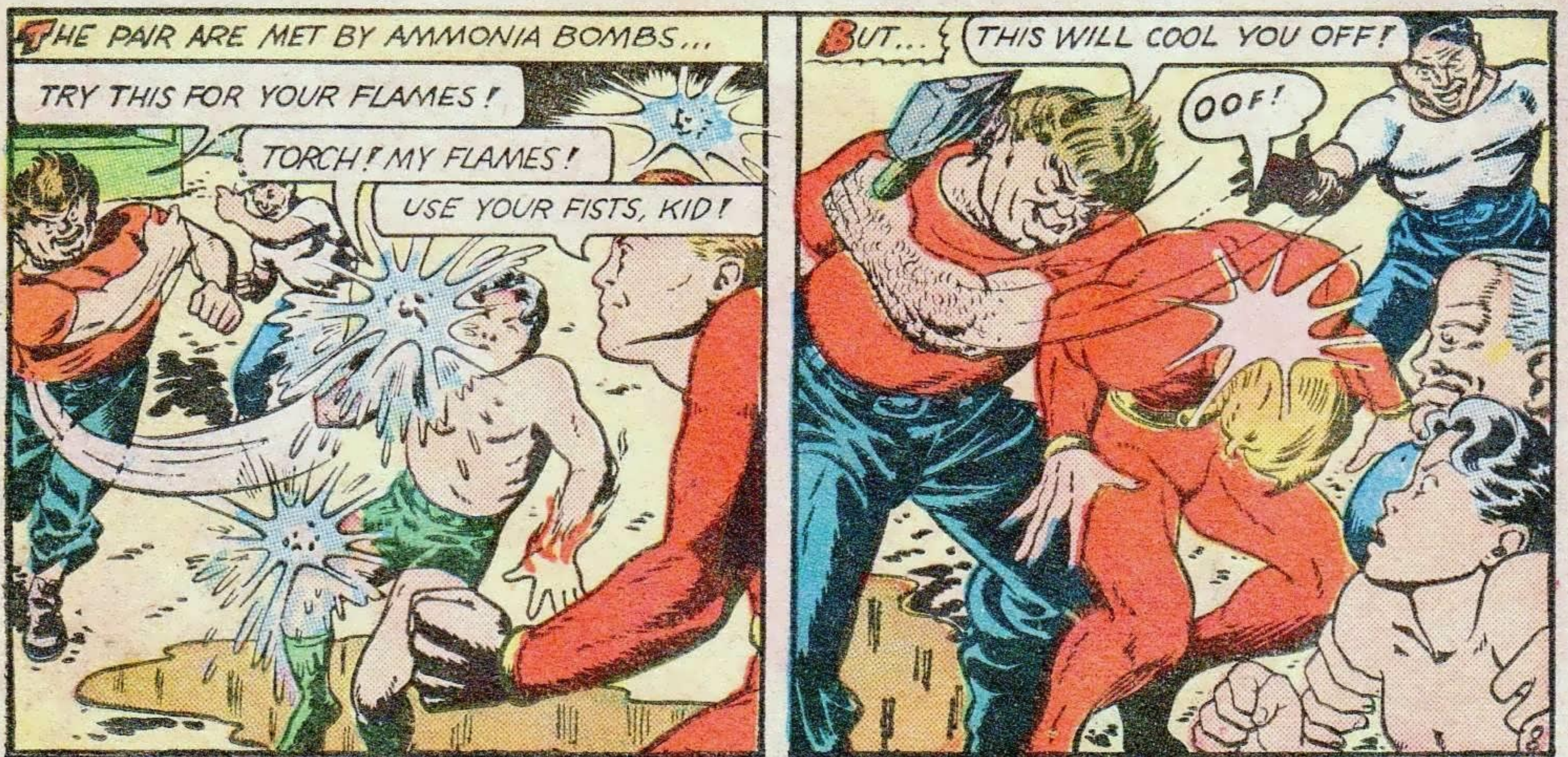
NOW TO CLEAN UP ON HANS AND THE REST OF THE GANG, TORO!



FLAMING BACK TO THE PACKING PLANT!

THERE'S THAT RAT! LET'S GET THEM!

RIGHT, KID! MAKE IT HOT FOR THEM!



THE PAIR ARE MET BY AMMONIA BOMBS...

TRY THIS FOR YOUR FLAMES!

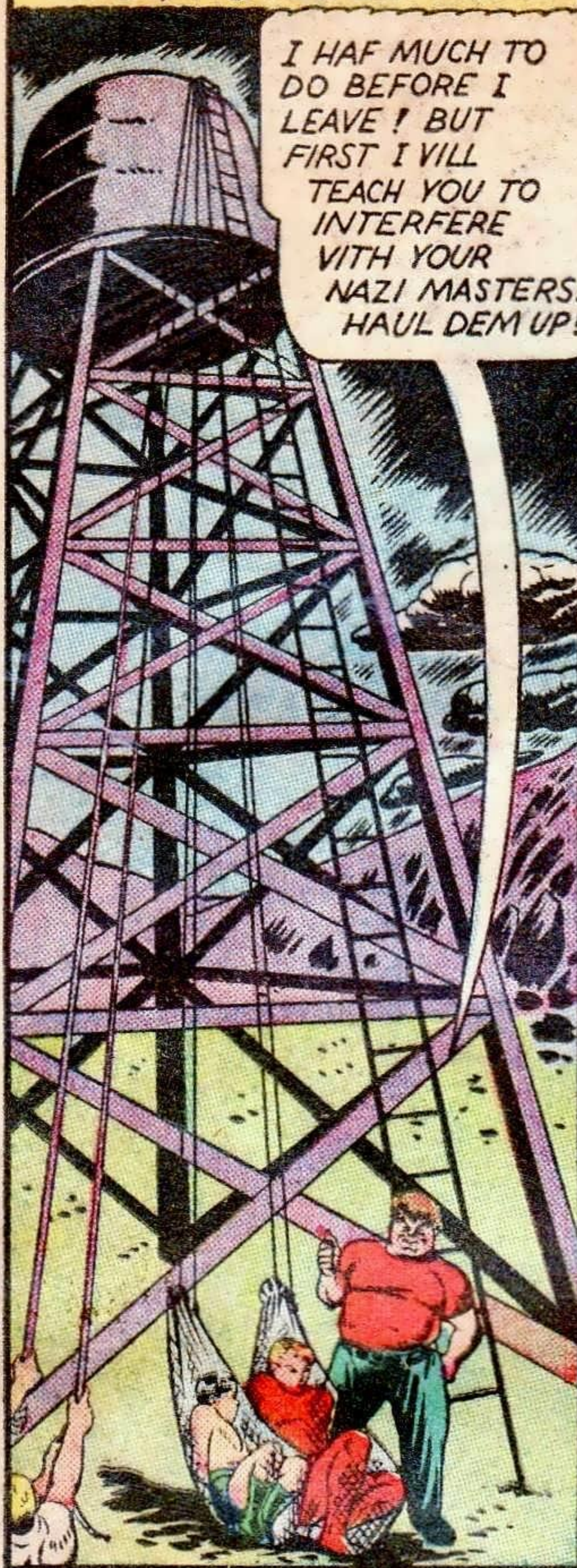
TORCH! MY FLAMES!

USE YOUR FISTS, KID!

BUT... (THIS WILL COOL YOU OFF!)

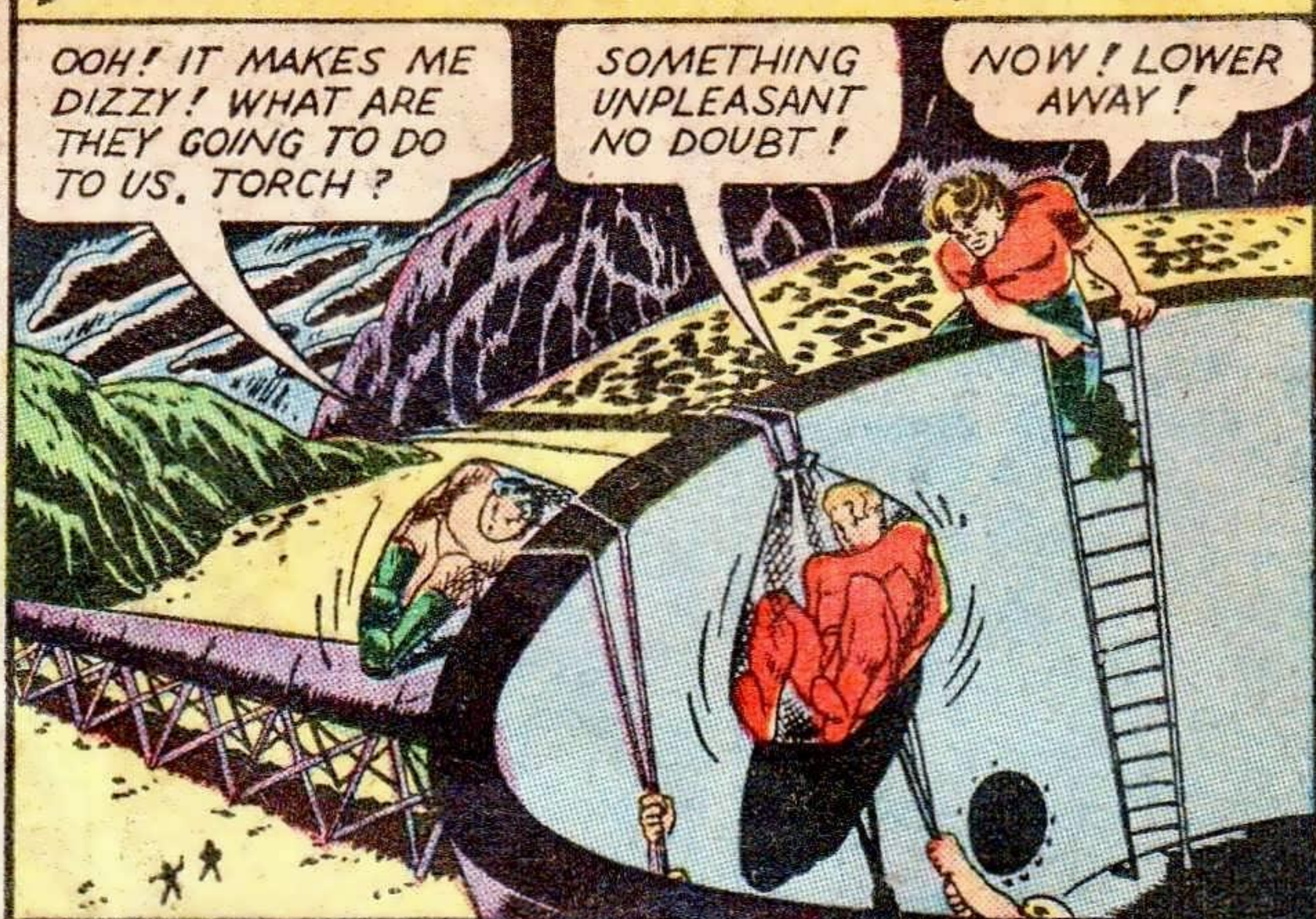
OOF!

CARRIED TO THE HUGE WATER TOWER, THE HELPLESS PAIR...



I HAF MUCH TO DO BEFORE I LEAVE! BUT FIRST I VILL TEACH YOU TO INTERFERE VITH YOUR NAZI MASTERS! HAUL DEM UP!

THEN- FIFTY FEET ABOVE THE GROUND...



OOH! IT MAKES ME DIZZY! WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO TO US, TORCH?

SOMETHING UNPLEASANT NO DOUBT!

NOW! LOWER AWAY!

AS THE NETS TOUCH THE BOTTOM OF THE DEEP TANK...

PERHAPS YOU THINK YOUR POWER TO FLAME CAN MELT YOUR CHAINS! BUT THAT IS THE BEAUTY OF MY PLAN! THE AMMONIA VILL PREVENT THAT!

WHAT! I DON'T GET IT!

SIMPLE! HE'S FILLING THE TANK HIGH ENOUGH WITH THAT STUFF TO COVER THE CHAINS! AS LONG AS THEY'RE COVERED WE CAN'T CUT THRU 'EM!



THE NAZIS DUMP THE LAST CAN OF AMMONIA...

I GO TO PREPARE DEATH FOR YOUR SWINEHUND ARMY! TONIGHT I SEND A LOAD OF POISONED MEAT TO AN-OTHER CAMP!

AW, GO SOAK YOUR HEAD!



HO! HO! THAT ISS GOOT! YOU SEE IT ISS RAINING! WHEN THE TANK FILLS IT VILL BE YOU WHO VILL SOAK HIS HEAD! HO! HO!



AS THE NAZI CHIEFTAIN DISAPPEARS...

HE WASN'T KIDDING, TORO! LOOK AT THE RISING WATER! IT'LL BE OVER OUR HEADS SOON!



BUT, TORCH, OUR HEADS ARE FREE! THEY CAN FLAME!

BUT OUR CHAINS ARE FIREPROOF BECAUSE OF THE AMMONIA! THERE'S ONE CHANCE IF WE WANT TO SAVE THOSE BOYS FROM CERTAIN DEATH!

HOW IS THAT, TORCH?

I'LL SHOW YOU, KID! IF I CAN JUST SLIP MY ARM FAR ENOUGH THRU THE CHAIN TO GET IT ABOVE WATER!

MEANWHILE, AT THE NEARBY PACKING PLANT, HANS AND HIS MEN...

WE HAF TEN TRUCKS LOADED, SIR! THEY ARE READY TO MOVE!

GOOT! WE VILL GIVE THEM AN EXTRA DOSE OF POISON AT THE CAVE! THIS TIME ALL THE YANKEE SWINE MUST DIE!

JA! THEN WE RETURN TO THE VATERLAND, NO?

YES! AH! IT ISS RAINING! GOOT! SOON THOSE TWO SWINE VILL BE COOLED OFF FOREVER!

WHILE, IN THE RAPIDLY FILLING TANK, TORCH WORKS DESPERATELY TO LOOSEN HIS HAND...

TORCH! THE WATER'S GETTING DEEPER! HURRY!

HANG ON, KID! IT'S COMING!

WHILE BELOW, THE DEATH TRUCKS BEGIN TO MOVE...

SAY GOOTBYE TO EL RANCHO, BOYS! IT HAS SERVED US WELL!

WHILE, WITHIN THE TANK,
TORCH WORKS FRANTICALLY
TO LOOSEN HIS HAND...

ALLOWING HIS HAND, NOW
FREE OF THE AMMONIA,
TO FLAME...

TORCH TOSSES FIREBALLS
OVER THE RIM OF THE TANK...

I HEAR THE TRUCKS
LEAVING! WE'VE GOT
TO STOP THEM!

IF MY PLAN
WORKS WE WILL! TH-
THERE! JUST A BIT MORE!

BUT YOU STILL CAN'T
CUT THE CHAINS!

NO, BUT I CAN DO
SOMETHING NEARLY
AS GOOD! REMEM-
BER THE CATTLE
IN THE PENS? WATCH!

I'LL BE -
NOW I
GET IT!

SO WILL HANS
AND HIS MEN -
BUT GOOD!

MEANWHILE...

SOON THE MEAT VILL BE POIS-
ONED AND DELIVERED TO THE
YANKEE SWINE! THEY VILL DIE
IN AGONY LIKE RATS! HA! HA!

JA, HERR THYSENN!
VE VILL SHOW DEM
NAZIS ARE INDEED
A SUPER-RACE!

BUT, BEHIND THEM, TORCH'S
FIREBALLS SHOW RESULTS...

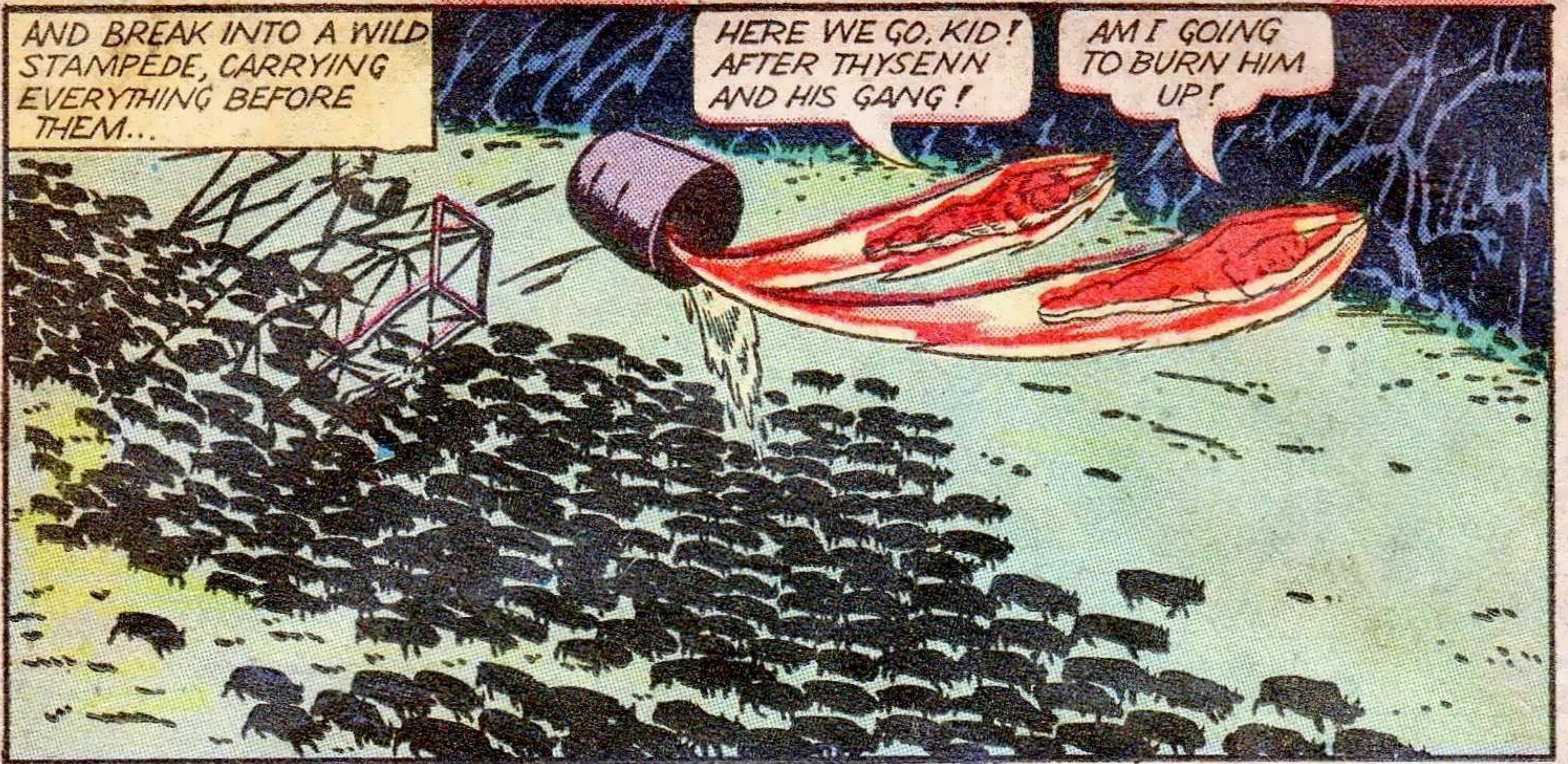
M-M-M-A-A-A-W!
M-A-A-A-W!

TERRIFIED BY THE MYSTERIOUS
FIRE, THE CATTLE CROWD
THRU THE STOCKADE...

AND BREAK INTO A WILD
STAMPEDE, CARRYING
EVERYTHING BEFORE
THEM...

HERE WE GO, KID!
AFTER THYSENN
AND HIS GANG!

AM I GOING
TO BURN HIM
UP?



BUT HANS THYSENN AND HIS
HENCHMEN ARE DESTINED
FOR A FAR MORE HORRIBLE FATE...

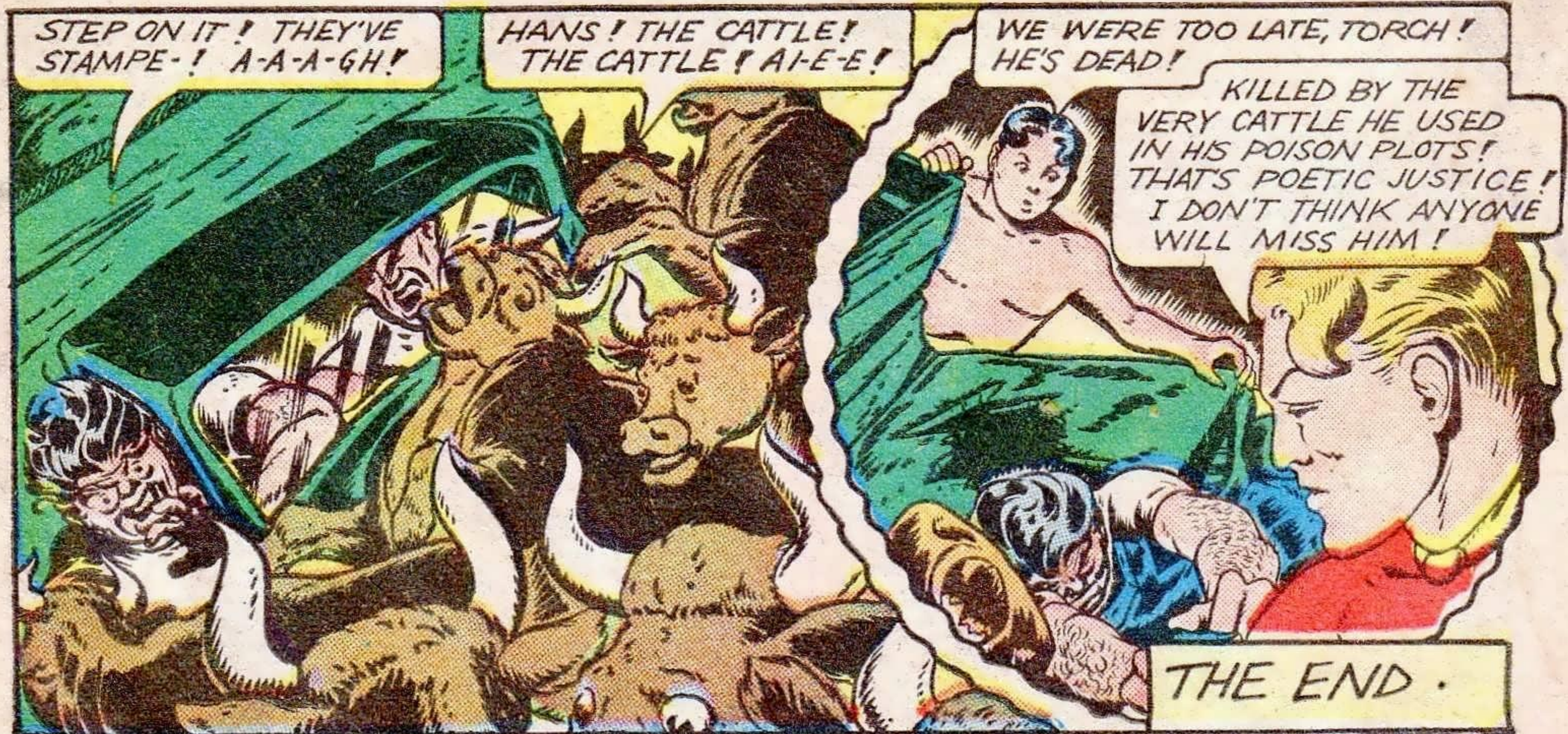


STEP ON IT! THEY'VE
STAMPE-! A-A-A-GH!

HANS! THE CATTLE!
THE CATTLE! A-I-E-E!

WE WERE TOO LATE, TORCH!
HE'S DEAD!

KILLED BY THE
VERY CATTLE HE USED
IN HIS POISON PLOTS!
THAT'S POETIC JUSTICE!
I DON'T THINK ANYONE
WILL MISS HIM!



THE END.

TESTING GROUND

TROUBLE with you civvies," Sergeant Williams had snapped, "is you don't know when you're well off. Wait'll you're in uniform. Just wait!"

Pete was talking, "When are we getting out of this joint? Me—I've had enough!"

Ted slid out of his jacket, stood with one foot up on the block of cement surrounding the pot-bellied stove. "I'm fed up too," he admitted. "But we're working for the army—"

Pete interrupted, "I'm not in uniform—yet. I don't have to take Sergeant Williams' orders!"

Ted waited. Of course they were fed up but that didn't alter the fact that there was a convoy of trucks lined up, to go to Fort Claire; trucks that had to roll tonight in order to be ready for overseas shipment in the morning.

"You guys seem to forget," Ted reminded them, "that this is our job. We're getting paid overtime for it. It's up to us to deliver!"

The door opened admitting a gust of rain and wind, and Sergeant Williams. He closed the door, looked around at the men lining the field house. He asked, "You fellows ready to go?"

Steve snarled, "When do we eat? And where?"

"Mean to say you didn't make at least a couple of stops to chow? Come over to the mess hall and get a feed there—"

"Beans and boiled spuds!" Steve flung back. "I'm talking about food, not army grub!"

Ted felt his heart pound, looked warningly at Steve. He was sticking his neck out for trouble. The Sergeant wouldn't judge Steve alone, but instead would hold the burly driver up as a yard-stick and measure all of them by it. "We've been on the road since morning." Ted stepped forward. "All of us are soaked through, Sergeant. We did make one stop on the way down but that didn't help much—"

"Okay." Sergeant Williams snapped. "Take care of it yourselves. The point is—are you

going to get these trucks rolling or not?"

Steve said flatly, "Not me! I've had enough!"

Sergeant Williams turned aside. "Okay, guy. I'll get army drivers. You civvies can go home!"

Ted looked out the rain spattered window. The big field was a sea of mud and water and he watched the gusts of rain run across it like ruffles.

It hadn't been easy getting through this afternoon. Good roads were at a premium up North. They'd made detours and gone far out of their way. One of the clunkers had broken down completely, and it had been Steve's luck to be in front. He'd had the job of hauling which hadn't helped his temper any.

The Sergeant said, "You dripping lillies can beat it. So far as I'm concerned you won't come back. The army'll take care of this stuff!"

BUT Ted pulled on his gloves. "I don't know about the others, but I'll take my job back to the Fort. The others can do as they like!"

Ted went out the door. The wind spit rain sharply into his face and he pulled his damp collar back up and hunched his shoulders into the blast, making for the garage across the field. He followed a line of trucks down to the road and walked on over to the concrete building where the convoy was lined up. Inside the garage doors there was already a group of soldiers waiting.

The Sergeant came in a few minutes later and after him came the rest of Ted's crew, one at a time, faces dripping and tense. Steve was last. He crowded just inside the door, stood glaring about him.

"You talked too much," Ted told him. "You've got us all in hot water—"

"Tough isn't it!" Steve snarled. "You're a wise guy!"

Ted turned away. The Sergeant was giving the soldiers last minute instructions. As long as the civilians couldn't handle the job . . .

Walking to the door Ted turned to his drivers. "Any of you guys who are driving, get out here and into a cab. The rest can go home and stay there!"

"Hey!" the Sergeant yelled. "I thought you guys—"

"I'm speaking for myself," Ted answered, "I don't know about the others!"

He walked on out and climbed into the cab of the first two and a half ton. As he slid behind the wheel he saw five of the others following, heard the slam of the doors of their trucks, the spit of motors turning over, roaring into life. There were six in all. Ted knew angrily that the others would be soldiers.

Sergeant Williams paused beside Ted's truck. "I'm in charge," he yelled through the rain and wind. "We'll lead off. It's not too late to back out—"

"Roll 'em!" Ted yelled, meshing the gears.

THE convoy thrashed through the rain and wind, following the winding ditch of mud that served as a road. It was a tough pull, much of it second gear, even low. The trucks jolted and banged along, slithering from side to side. The wheels of the job in front of Ted threw up a steady curtain of mud that struck the windshield. Windshield wipers lagged and it was hard to see. Once Ted almost went off into the ditch before he eased up on the throttle and let the wiper catch up, brought the big job grinding out again just in the nick of time.

The road crawled up through the hills, started down into a valley. It was impossible to see anything, and when the truck ahead of Ted suddenly slowed up, Ted wondered why. The convoy came to a complete stop and, opening the door, Ted leaned out and looked up ahead. He could see them lined up before a bridge. The water was washing the surface, and Sergeant Williams had walked up to the edge of it. As Ted peered ahead the Sergeant turned and came back. He paused at the lead truck for a moment, came on down the line.

Ted yelled, "What's wrong?"

"Bridge out—we've got to go back—can't get through—"

"The convoy—"

Sergeant Williams bellowed, "Have to go back and around! Take till morning. No other way!"

He went on down the line, giving instructions to turn around. On the way back Ted stopped him. "I know this country pretty well. You said this stuff was for shipment in the morning. If we go around we'll never make it. There's another way through the hills—if you want to tackle it!"

The Sergeant peered up. "If there's another bridge—"

"There is, but we'll stand a good chance of getting over. Get the convoy formed again and let me lead!"

The Sergeant waved and slammed the door. It took time to get the line around. Finally Ted was in the lead, with the Sergeant and his driver and truck behind. Once more the convoy started.

Ted had known it would be tough going, but it meant the difference between success and failure in more ways than one. Most of all, he wanted to show Sergeant Williams that the

"civvies" could take it; could deliver the goods. . . .

It was easier to see now that there was no one ahead, and Ted pushed forward relentlessly. The road wound in and out, climbing steadily till they were well above the valley and traveling parallel to it. It was dark by that time and the headlights peerd into the steady curtain of rain.

Ted's arms and legs ached. Once upon a time he'd loved driving, but tonight he'd have given almost anything to have this stretch over with and be able to call it quits. His eyes ached from the constant strain of trying to see through the driving rain. The wind caught at the truck, thrusting it from side to side. Once they were high above the valley, a sheer drop of hundreds of feet to the bottom.

Then the road was winding down and the driving was easier. Ted glanced swiftly at the temp gauge. The engine was hot. It had been a long, hard pull, but the worst should be over now.

The valley was ahead and the lights picked up the bridge. But it wasn't flooded, as had been the other, and Ted pushed forward without hesitation, wheeling the two and a half ton job to the other side. His heart was in his mouth as he felt the heavy truck rattling over the short concrete bed. He drew a deep breath of relief when they were on the other side.

They'd made the fort by midnight. The road wound down into the low country, straightened out its twisted coil and headed away through the farming district. Once in a while Ted saw the lights of farm houses winking away through the storm. For almost the first time in hours, he had the truck in high and kept it there.

IT WAS warm inside the big field house. Ted relaxed gratefully. Sergeant Williams came in. "Nice going," he admitted. He looked the rest of Ted's crew over critically. "Y'know, I used to be a civilian once. I hated to think you guys would wash out—"

"We'd put in a long stretch," Ted said. "Steve and a couple of others have families to go home to—"

"I know. But these trucks are needed. Families have got to wait. I'm danged glad you guys, part of you at least, showed you're willing to do your stuff!"

Someone yelped, "Hi, Sarg! Those beans and boiled spuds—"

The soldier laughed. "It's late, but I've got a drag with the mess sergeant. Maybe I can wrangle chow for you guys!"

THE END

THE HUMAN TORCH

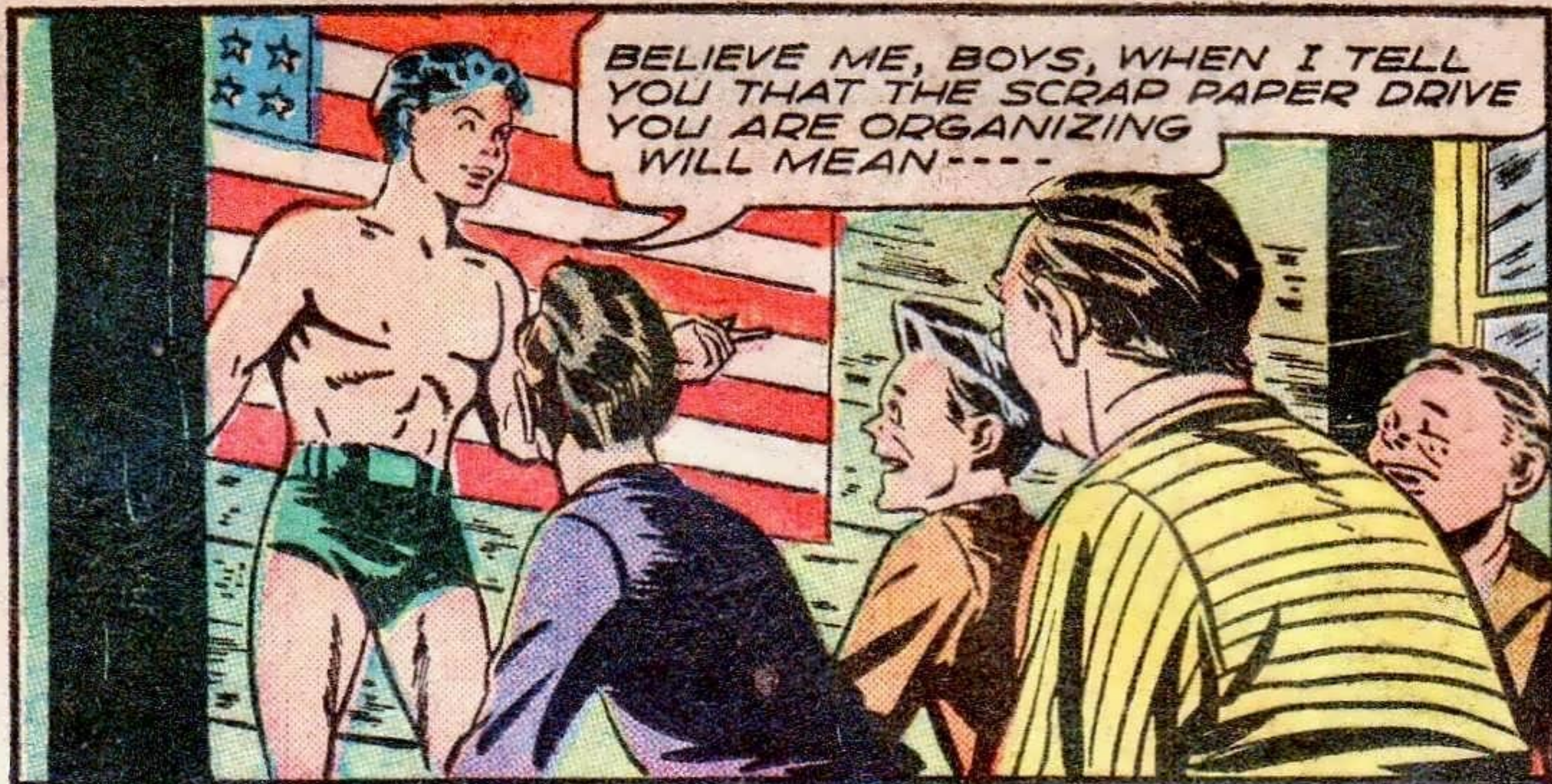
IN

THE
"DOG TAG
HORROR"



FIENDISH NAZI AGENTS WHO PREY UPON HELPLESS VICTIMS IN OUR OWN BELOVED COUNTRY.....
TORCH AND TORO FIND THEMSELVES UP AGAINST
A VICIOUS, MASTER SCHEME TO INTIMIDATE OUR
CITIZENS... WILL THEY SUCCEED? READ ON....

INSIDE AN OLD BARN, CONVERTED BY THE PATRIOTIC LIBERTY CLUB BOYS INTO A CLUBHOUSE, SPEAKS TORO, GUEST OF HONOR, HIS YOUTHFUL AUDIENCE LISTEN, SPELLBOUND---



BELIEVE ME, BOYS, WHEN I TELL YOU THAT THE SCRAP PAPER DRIVE YOU ARE ORGANIZING WILL MEAN----

WE KNOW WHAT IT MEANS, TORO--- FOOD AND AMMUNITION AND MEDICINE AND CLOTHING FOR OUR SOLDIERS---

EVIL EYES PEER THROUGH THE WINDOW AS----

THAT'S RIGHT, FRED! AND WE WILL.... SAY... I THINK THERE IS SOMEONE SNOOPING OUTSIDE....



TORO FLAMES ACROSS THE ROOM AND----

BE BACK IN A SECOND--- SURE I SAW A COUPLE OF BAD LOOKING ACTORS AT THE WINDOW---

WE'LL HELP YOU CAPTURE THEM, TORO!

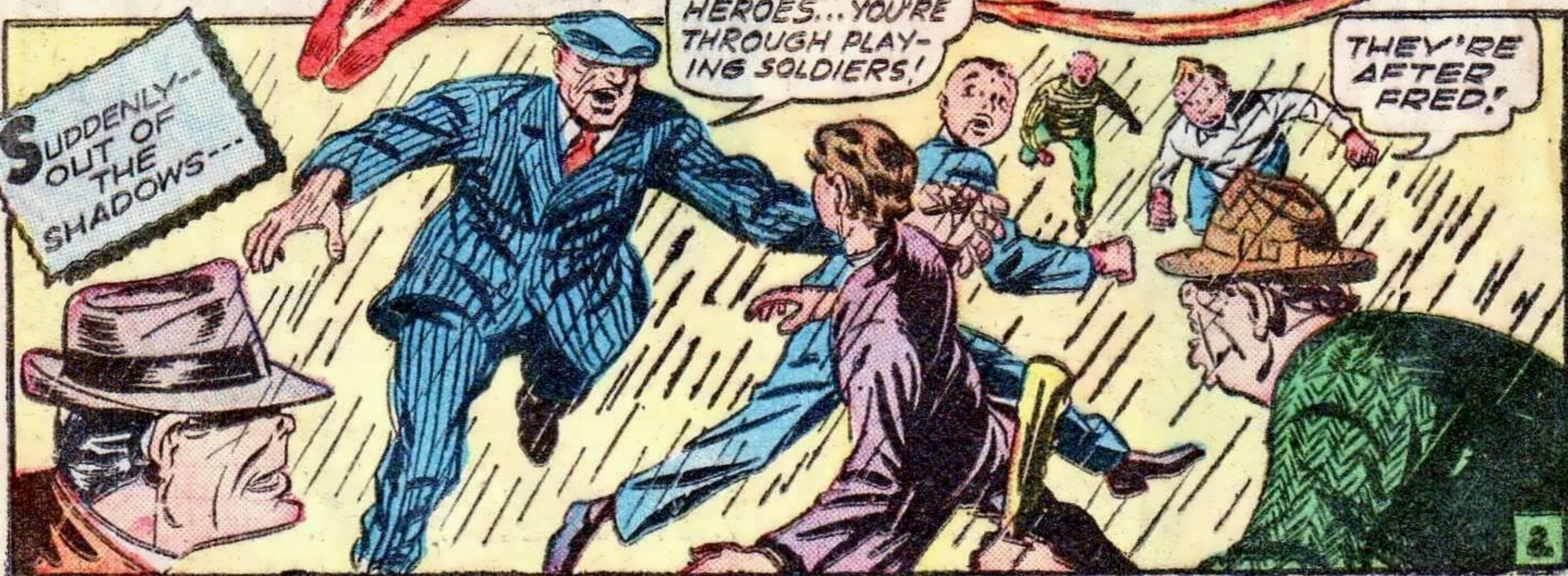
THE BOYS JOIN TORO IN THE MANHUNT----

SEE ANYTHING, FELLAS? BETTER DUCK HOME! IT LOOKS LIKE A STORM ON ITS WAY!

HO, MY LITTLE HEROES... YOU'RE THROUGH PLAYING SOLDIERS!

THEY'RE AFTER FRED!

SUDDENLY--- OUT OF THE SHADOWS---



JUST AS TORO DIVES TOWARD THE THREE DEMONS, A BLINDING, THUNDERING DOWNPOUR DOUSES HIS FLAME---

AT A TERRIBLE DISADVANTAGE AGAINST THE BRUTE STRENGTH OF THE EVIL TRIO, THE BOYS NEVERTHELESS CONTINUE TO FIGHT THEM OFF ----!

MY FLAME'S GONE OUT --- WHAT'LL I DO??

TAKE THAT, FIRE BUG!

UGH!

HAW! HAW! EVERYTHING IS WORKING ACCORDING TO SCHEDULE --- EVEN THE RAIN!

THE RAIN HAS EASED-- IT IS THREE HOURS AFTER THE COWARDLY ATTACK-- PARENTS OF THE LIBERTY CLUB BOYS APPEAL TO TORCH!

OUR FEARS AREN'T GROUNDLESS, TORCH! WE ARE DEALING WITH NAZI KILLERS--- OUR YOUNGSTERS CAN'T BE FOUND!

SUPPOSE YOU BEGIN FROM THE BEGINNING MUELLER---

PAUL MUELLER DISCLOSES A SPINE CHILLING STORY----

MY SON, ALLEN IS A PRISONER OF WAR! ABOUT THREE DAYS AGO, A NAZI CAME TO OUR HOUSE AND TOLD ME IF I DIDN'T COOPERATE WITH THE NAZI CAUSE, THEY WOULD TORTURE AL AND---

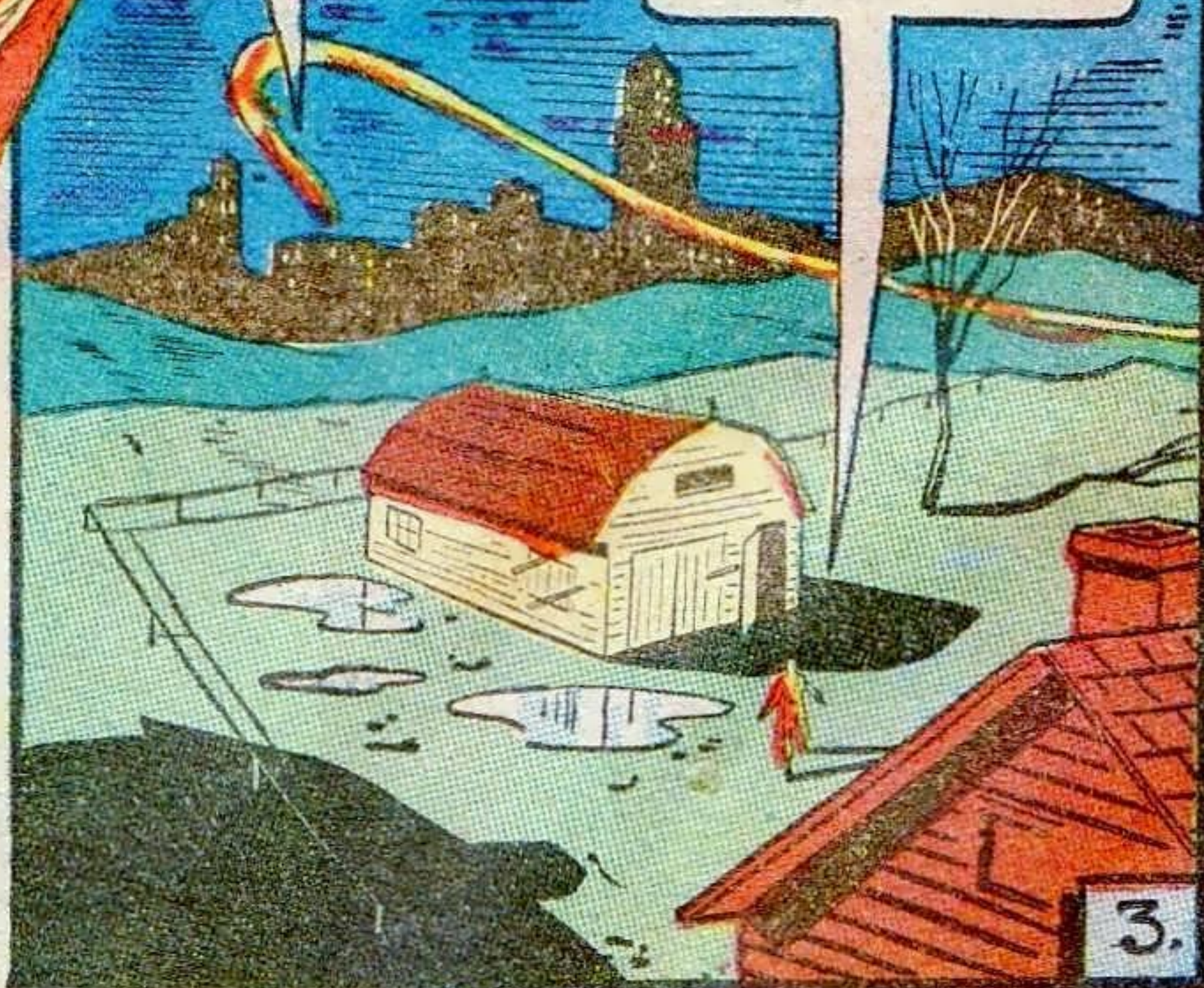
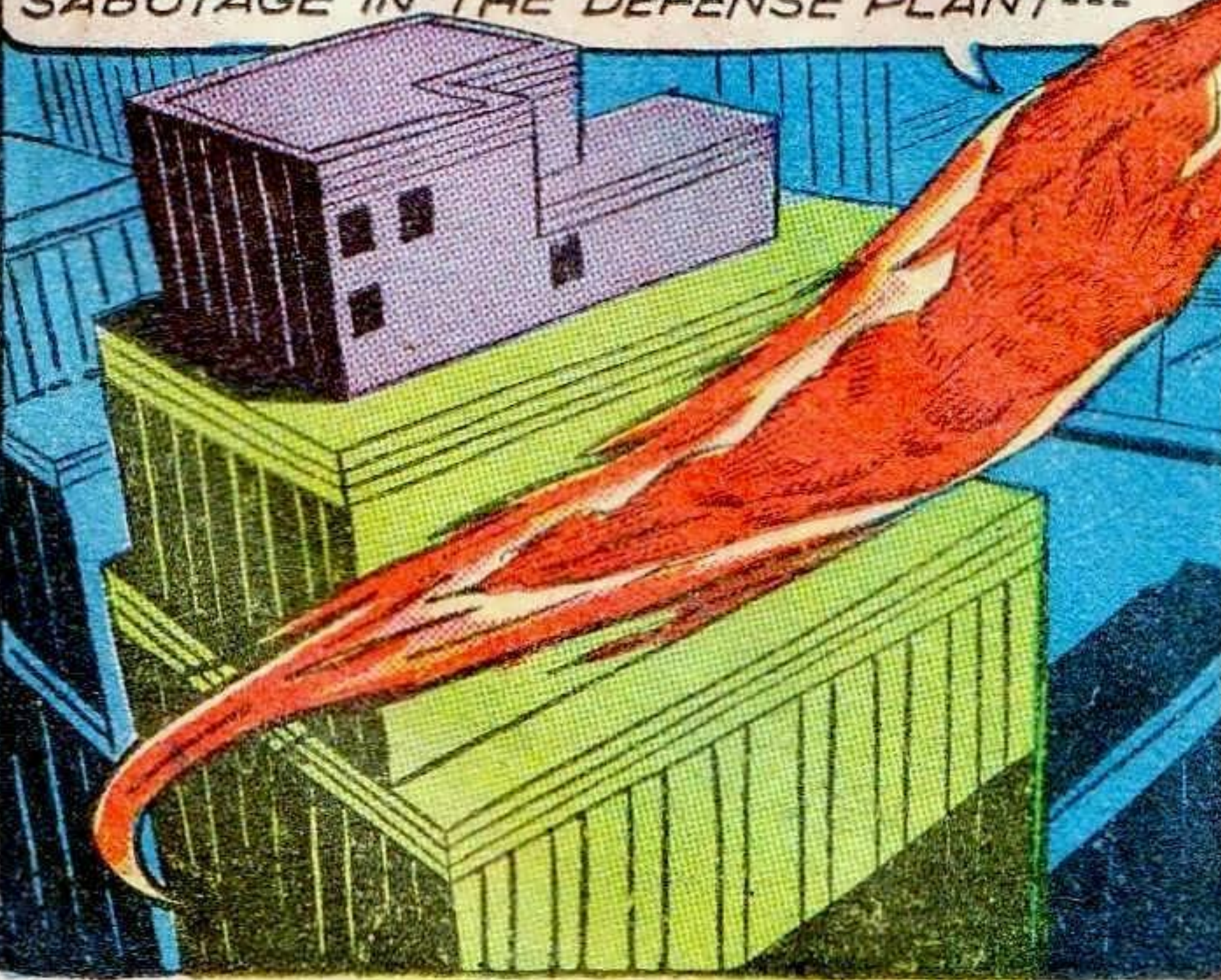
TORCH FLAMES OUT OF HIS N.Y. APARTMENT AND HEADS FOR THE LIBERTY CLUB BOYS CLUBHOUSE!

AN INCREDIBLE STORY-- BUT TRUE! THOSE FIENDS HAVE MADE GOOD THEIR THREATS TO HARM MUELLER'S FAMILY BECAUSE HE WOULDN'T COMMIT SABOTAGE IN THE DEFENSE PLANT---

AS TORCH FLAMES DOWN, TORO SUDDENLY APPEARS OUT OF THE DARK SKY---

TORCH! TORCH! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU-- HURRY!

WHA--- WHY, BOY? WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE ARE THE OTHER KIDS?



LIKE AVENGING BIRDS, THE PAIR SET OUT TO BREAK UP THE UNHOLY MOB ----

--MY FLAME USELESS, THOSE BULLIES OVERPOWERED US! THEY RELEASED THE OTHERS-- ALL BUT FRED AND ME! I GOT AWAY BUT ----

WELL, WE KNOW WHERE THEIR HIDEOUT IS, LET'S HEAD FOR IT!

THE FLAME SLEUTHS CRASH THROUGH THE HIDEOUT ONLY TO FIND---

THEY'RE GONE! AND MADE SURE THEY LEFT NO CLUES!

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT!

THE PAIR RUMMAGE FOR CLUES ---

THEY LOST NO TIME IN DESTROYING EVIDENCE! THIS IS A LIST OF ALL GERMAN-AMERICANS FIGHTING FOR AMERICA WHO WERE TAKEN NAZI PRISONERS!

NO OTHER LEADS, TORCH?

UNABLE TO DISCOVER ANY CLUES AS TO THE IDENTITY OR WHEREABOUTS OF THE FIENDS, TORCH AND TORO ALIGHT IN THE N.Y. OFFICE OF THE F.B.I..!

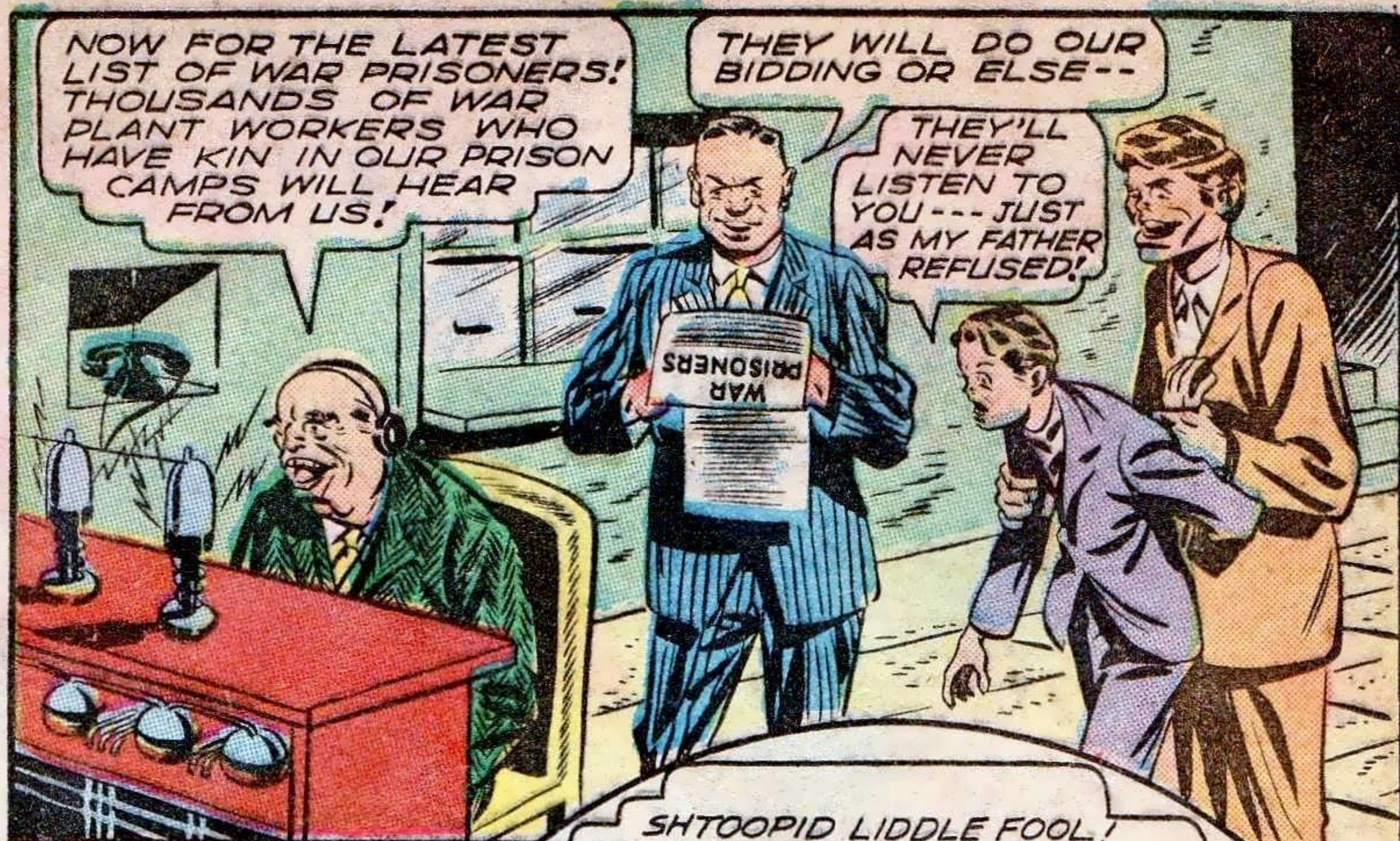
YOU'RE JUST THE FELLOWS I WANT TO SEE!

HELLO, SMITH! TELL US ALL YOU CAN ABOUT THIS NAZI GANG THREATENING AMERICAN FAMILIES WHOSE SONS ARE HELD PRISONERS OF WAR!

THE ARMY HAS JUST DISCONTINUED PRINTING THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF NEXT OF KIN ON SOLDIERS DOG TAGS! THE ENEMY HAS BEEN CONTACTING THEIR FAMILIES THROUGH AGENTS AND HAS THREATENED THEM WITH DIRE RESULTS TO THEIR LOVED ONES IF --



MEAN-
WHILE,
UNKNOWN
TO TORCH
AND TORO,
THE NAZIS
WITH
THEIR
HAPLESS
VICTIM,
ARE
HIDING
UNDER
THE
VERY
HOUSE
WHICH
THE
FLAMING
PAIR
HAD JUST
LEFT---

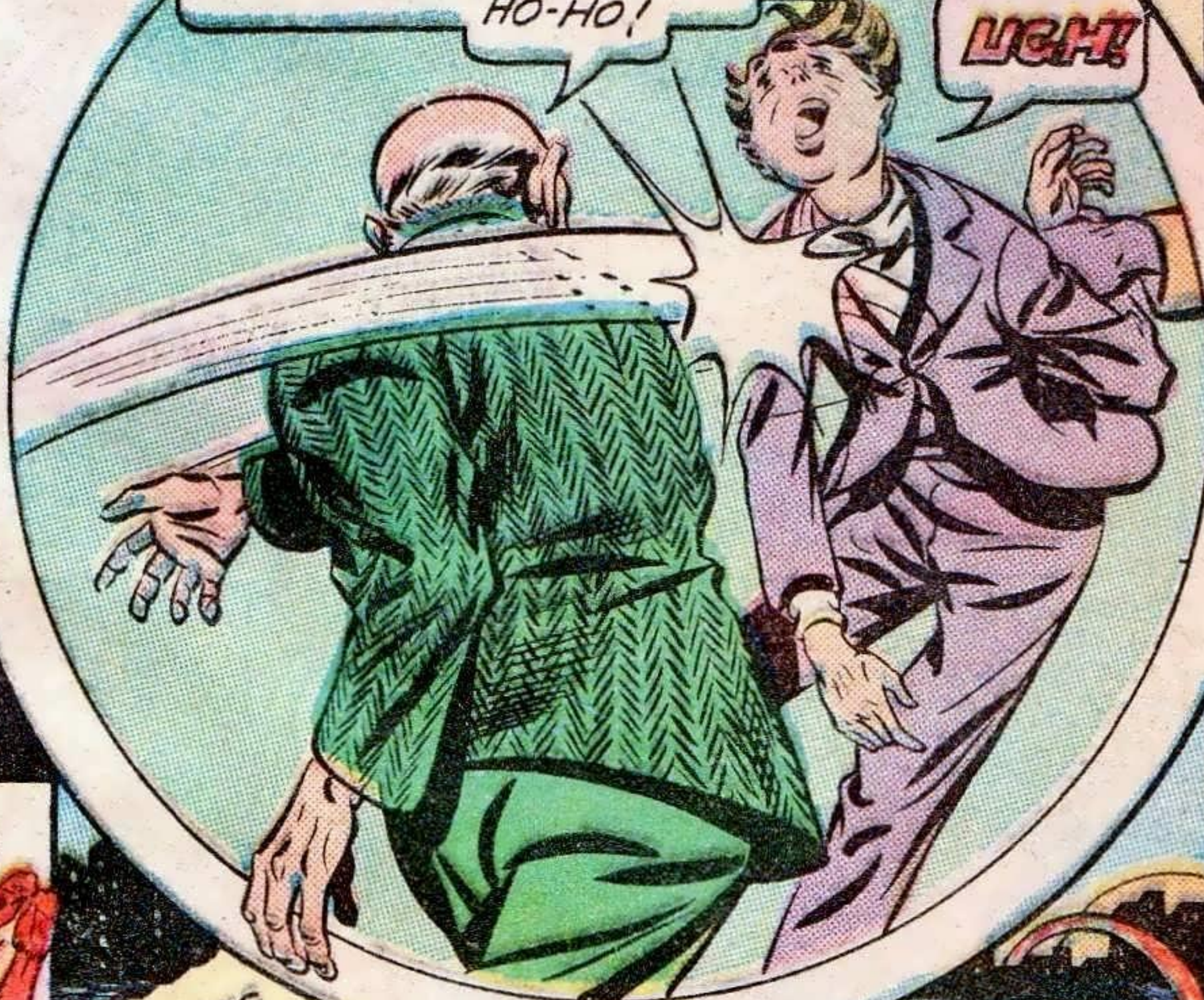


YOU WILL SEE, MY STUPID
STUBBORN BOY, HOW I
WILL ACCOMPLISH OUR
MISSION! YOU WILL BE
SENT TO YOUR FATHER
IN A WOODEN BOX----
THEN--- HO---HO! HE
WILL HEED OUR
WORDS!



SHTOOPID LIDDLE FOOL!
YOU THINK YOU CAN OPPOSE
THE WILL OF DER FUEHRER?
WE SHALL SEE...
HO-HO!

LIGHT!



WHILE IN THE F.B.I.
OFFICE---

SAY--WHAT'S
THE IDEA OF LEAVING SO
SUDDENLY?

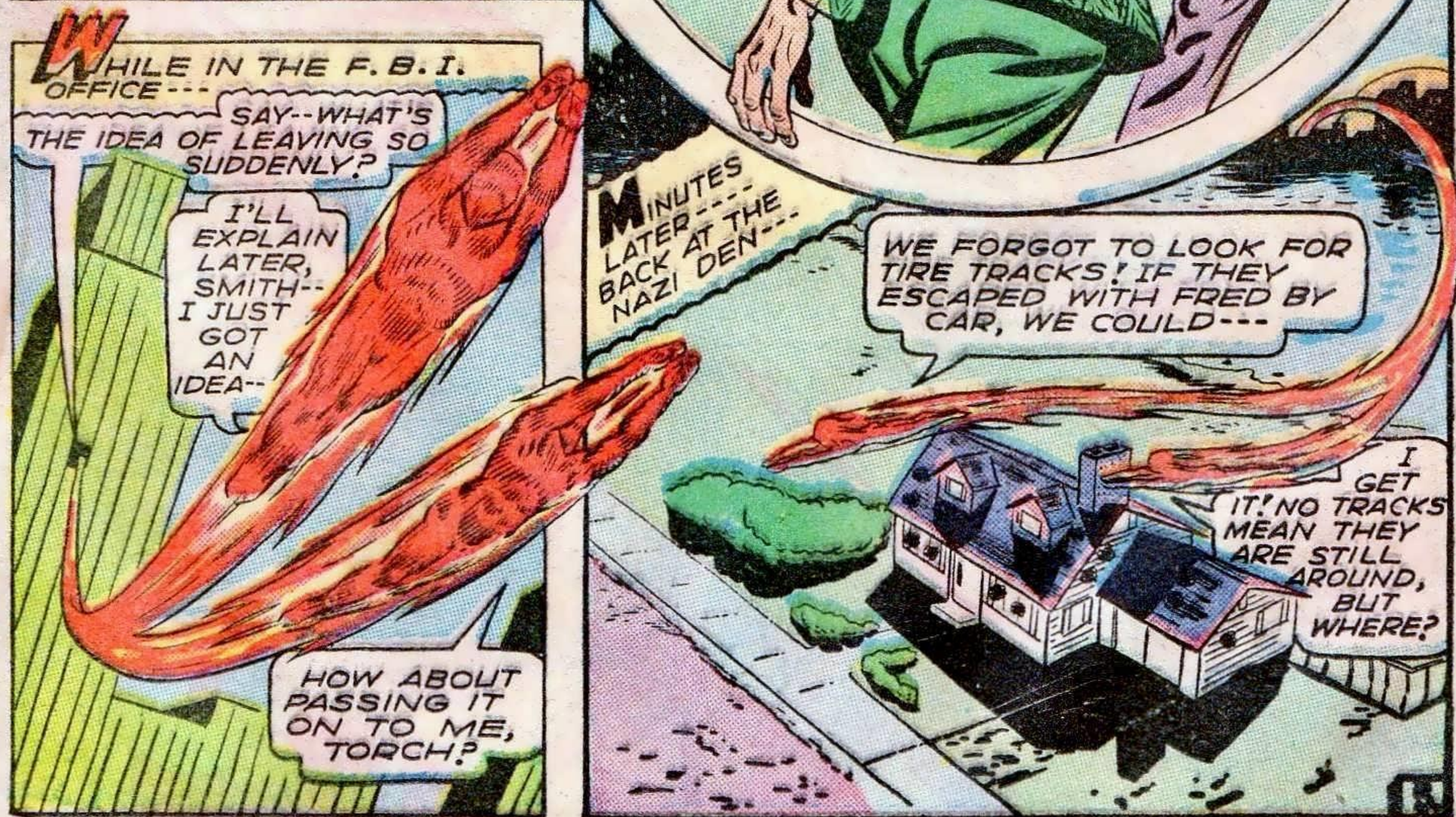
I'LL
EXPLAIN
LATER,
SMITH--
I JUST
GOT
AN
IDEA--

HOW ABOUT
PASSING IT
ON TO ME,
TORCH?

MINUTES
LATER---
BACK AT THE
NAZI DEN---

WE FORGOT TO LOOK FOR
TIRE TRACKS! IF THEY
ESCAPED WITH FRED BY
CAR, WE COULD---

I
GET
IT! NO TRACKS
MEAN THEY
ARE STILL
AROUND,
BUT
WHERE?



THE SEARCH FRUITLESS, THE PAIR RE-ENTER THE SEEMINGLY ABANDONED HOUSE---

I'D SAY THOSE DEMONS NEVER MOVED FROM THIS HOUSE!

THEY FLAME INTO THE CELLAR!

SAY! I HEAR VOICES-- WE'RE ON TIME-- I HOPE!

MEANWHILE, THE VILE TRIO PREPARE THE YOUTH'S DOOM---

YOU HAVE MADE YOUR CHOICE, BUT THERE WILL BE OTHERS WHO WILL LISTEN TO REASON AND---

YOUR TRICK WON'T WORK!

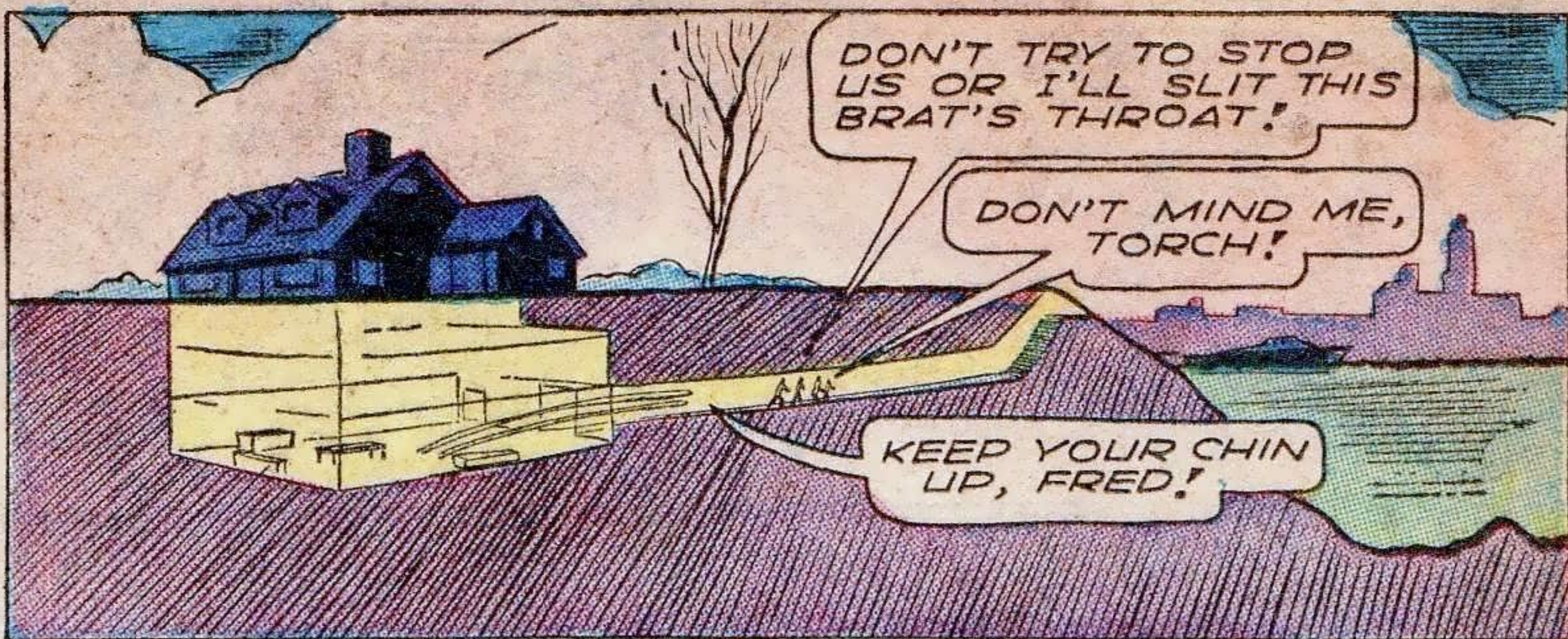
YOUR STUPID LEADERS HAVE PUT VICTORY IN OUR HANDS WHEN THEY STAMPED NEXT OF KIN'S NAME ON SOLDIER'S DOG TAGS! DER FUEHRER IS MAKING GOOD USE OF YOUR BLUNDERINGS!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, TORCH AND TORO FLAME INTO THE ROOM---

BETTER TAKE IT EASY WITH THOSE FLAME BALLS, TORO-- DON'T WANT TO HARM FRED!

DON'T TRY ANY OF YOUR FLAME TRICKS OR WE'LL KILL THE BOY--

HOLDING THE BOY AS A SHIELD, THE VICIOUS TRIO HOLD TORCH AND TORO AT BAY---



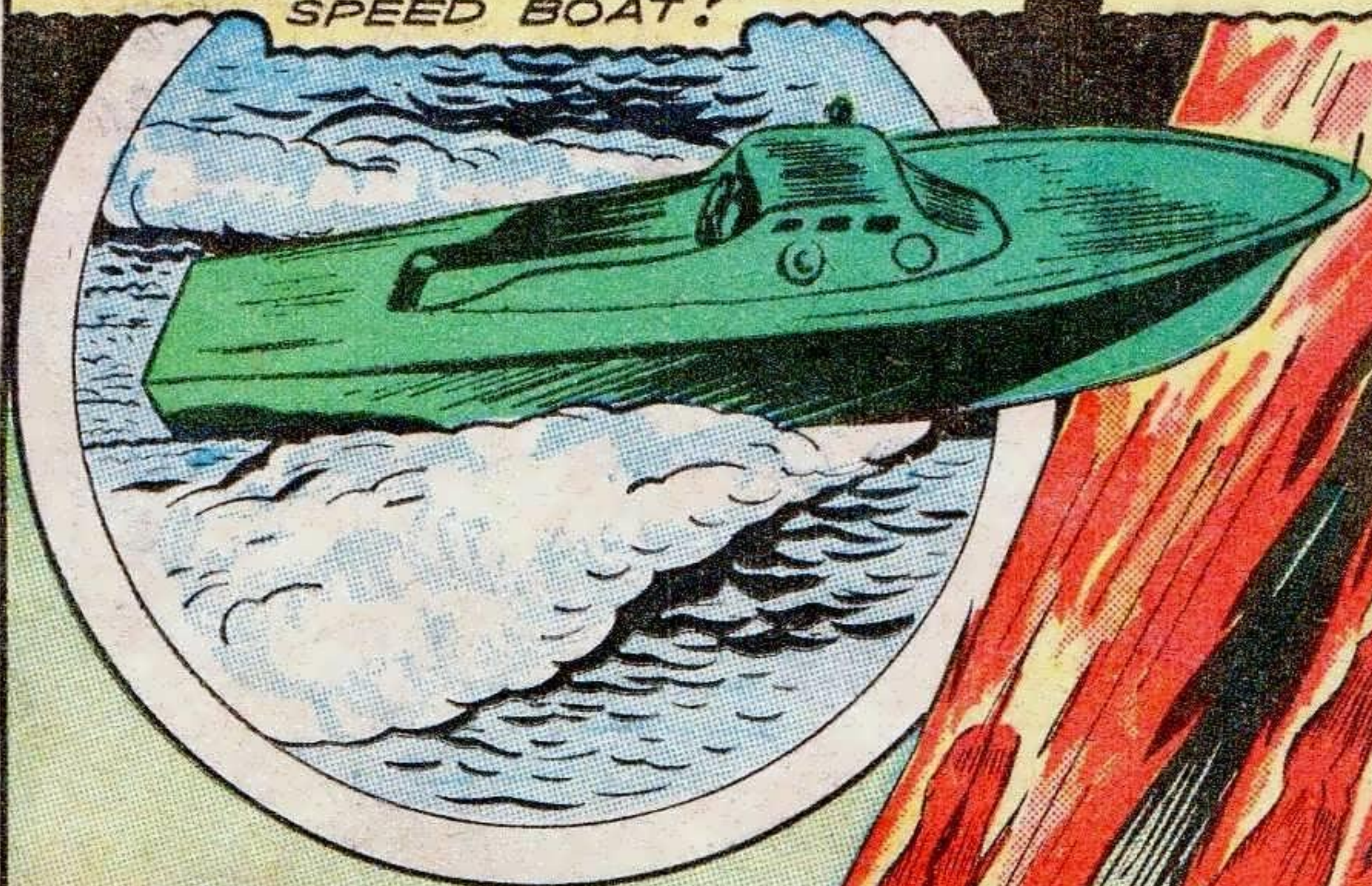
DON'T TRY TO STOP US OR I'LL SLIT THIS BRAT'S THROAT!

DON'T MIND ME, TORCH!

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, FRED!

TAKING FRED WITH THEM, THE TRIO START OFF IN THEIR SPEED BOAT!

TORCH DECIDES TO TAKE A DESPERATE CHANCE---



LUCKILY TORCH'S REASONING WAS SOLID BECAUSE ----

IT WORKED, TORCH! HE MADE IT!

I FIGURE THEY'LL FORGET ABOUT FRED IF WE TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE!

WHEW! THAT'S WHAT I CALL CLOSE TIMING!

THAT THEY WILL, THEY'LL TRY TO SAVE THEIR OWN NECKS AND FRED WILL MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!

SOMETIME LATER---

GOSH, I'M GLAD WE WERE ABLE TO SAVE FRED!

LOOK! THEY'RE DIVING AT US!

JUSTICE HAS BEEN SERVED AGAIN, TORO!

THE END

URGENT!

SENTINELS OF LIBERTY!

A VITAL MESSAGE from CAPTAIN AMERICA!



HELLO, KIDS!

YOU'RE IN THIS WAR EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T CARRY A GUN, RIDE A TANK, A JEEP, OR PILOT A PLANE! YOU CAN DO YOUR PART IN WINNING THIS WAR BY JOINING THE WASTE PAPER DRIVE!

GATHER THE KIDS IN YOUR BLOCK... MAKE A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASS FOR PAPER... ANY OLD PAPER, MAGAZINES, BOXES, STORE BAGS, ENVELOPES, NEWS-PAPERS, CORRUGATED PAPER!

PAPER IS A WEAPON OF WAR! A MIGHTY WEAPON! EVERY GUN, BULLET... EVERY PIECE OF AMMUNITION USED TO SMASH THE UNHOLY JAPS AND NAZIS IS SHIPPED IN PAPER CONTAINERS! U.S. ARMY FIELD RATION "K" IS PACKED IN FOLDING CARTONS! AND MANY MANY OTHER THINGS, TOO! TO MAKE NEW PAPER WE MUST HAVE THE OLD! TO DAY PAPER IS NEEDED MORE THAN EVER! WAR CAUSES SHORTAGES... THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF PAPER... TO AN ALARMING DEGREE! SO... GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR NEAREST LOCAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE, AND ASK THEM HOW YOU AND YOUR CHUMS CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE WAR EFFORT...

DO IT NOW...THIS MINUTE!

BUCKY SHOWS YOU HOW TO PACK THIS PRECIOUS PAPER BEFORE TURNING IT OVER TO THE SALVAGE COMMITTEE!

THANKS, KIDS!

HOW TO SAVE
YOUR PAPER
FOR EASY
HANDLING!

NEWSPAPERS...

FOLD THEM FLAT
AND TIE THEM IN
BUNDLES ABOUT
12 INCHES HIGH!



MAGAZINES...

TIE THEM IN
BUNDLES ABOUT
18 INCHES HIGH!



CARDBOARD BOXES
AND CARTONS...

FLATTEN THEM
OUT AND TIE THEM
IN BUNDLES ABOUT
12 INCHES HIGH!



WASTEBASKET
PAPER, WRAPPERS,
ENVELOPES, ETC..!

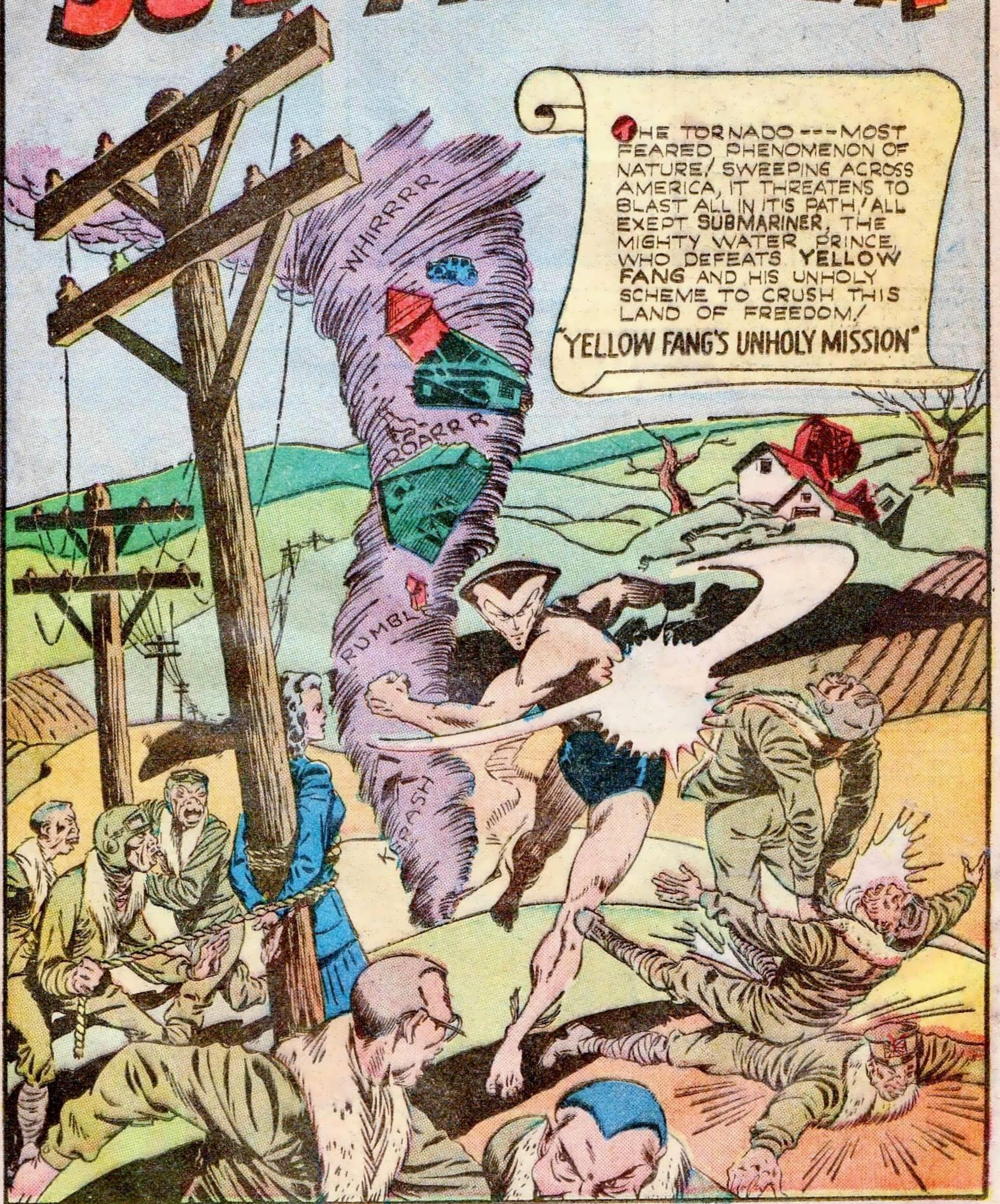
PACK DOWN IN A
BOX OR BAG SO
THAT IT CAN BE
CARRIED!



SUB-MARINER

THE TORNADO --- MOST
FEARED PHENOMENON OF
NATURE! SWEEPING ACROSS
AMERICA, IT THREATENS TO
BLAST ALL IN ITS PATH! ALL
EXCEPT SUBMARINER, THE
MIGHTY WATER PRINCE,
WHO DEFEATS YELLOW
FANG AND HIS UNHOLY
SCHEME TO CRUSH THIS
LAND OF FREEDOM!

"YELLOW FANG'S UNHOLY MISSION"



ON THE FLAT PLAINS OF KANSAS THERE IS ONE THING MORE FEARED THAN ANYTHING ELSE!

TORNADO!
TORNADO!
RUN!

THE POWERFUL WHIRLWIND UP-ROOTS FARM HOUSES IN IT'S WAY, WITH DEVASTATING MIGHT!

AND SWEEPS ON RAPIDLY! BUT FREAKISHLY, IT SUDDENLY VEERS!

GOSH SAKES! I WAS RIGHT IN IT'S PATH, BUT IT'S TURNED AWAY! I'M PLENTY LUCKY, BUT THAT SURE BE A QUEER TORNADO, TURNING LIKE THAT!

THE TORNADO NEXT THUNDERS DOWN ON A SMALL CITY!

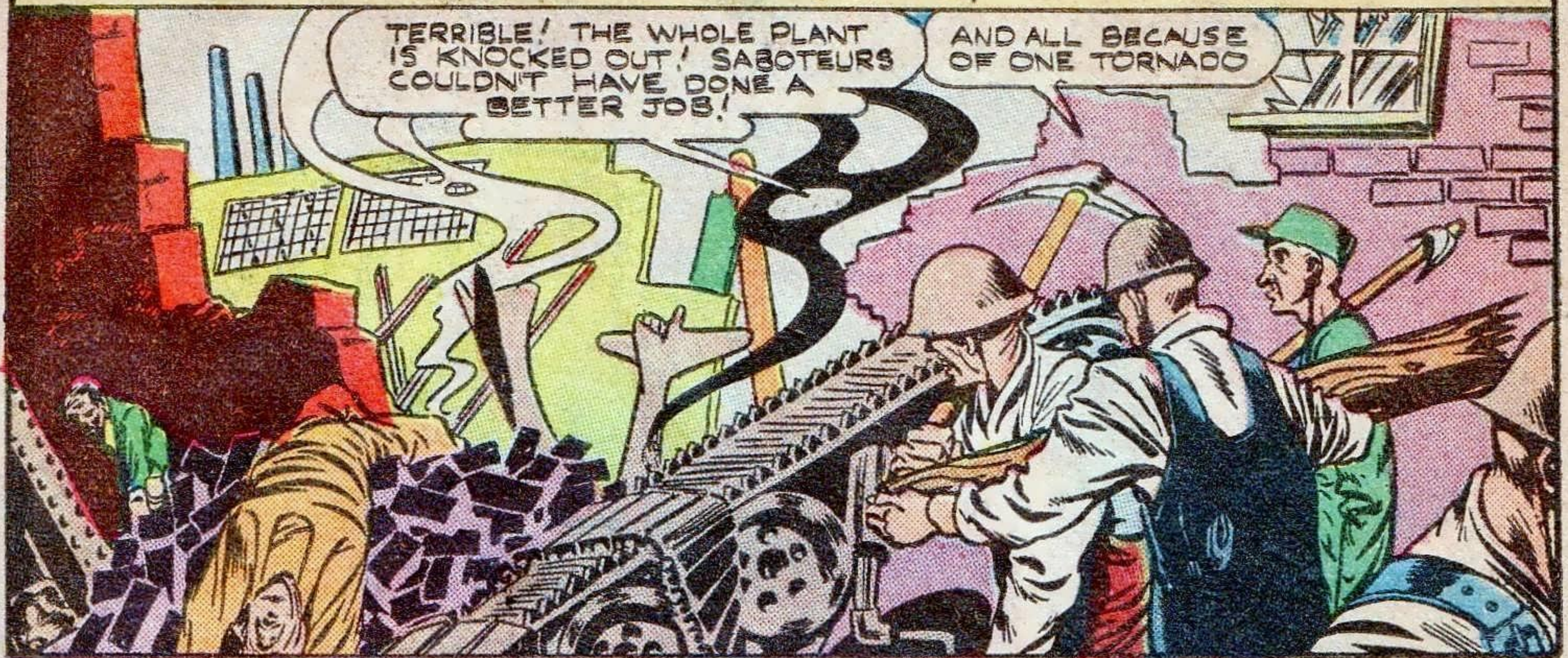
HELP! THE TORNADO'S COMING THIS WAY!

THE CITY WILL BE WRECKED!

SMASHING AND CRUSHING ALL IN IT'S WAY, THE WHIRLWIND WREAKS HAVOC IN THE CITY!

AND FINALLY BLASTS APART THE CITY'S HUGE WAR PLANT!

THEN, AS SUDDENLY AS IT AROSE THE TERRIFIC WINDSTORM DIES TO NOTHING, LEAVING AGONY AND DESTRUCTION IN ITS WAKE!



TERRIBLE! THE WHOLE PLANT IS KNOCKED OUT! SABOTEURS COULDN'T HAVE DONE A BETTER JOB!

AND ALL BECAUSE OF ONE TORNADO

BUT THE NEXT DAY, ONE NEWSPAPER PRINTS A STARTLING HEADLINE!

TORNADO GUIDED BY HUMAN HAND

BY BETTY DEANE
NOT AN ACCIDENT, I FULLY BELIEVE THE TORNADO WAS MAN MADE, AND WAS DELIBERATELY AIMED AT THE DESTROYED WAR PLANT....

THE F.B.I. CALLS AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE, AND-----

F.B.I! WE WANT TO SEE MISS BETTY DEANE!

THERE SHE IS!

YES!



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, LADY! WHY THIS STATEMENT IS RIDICULOUS! YOU'RE SAYING IT WAS SABOTAGE!

EXACTLY, SIR! AND I KNOW I'M RIGHT!



LOOK! HERE'S THE PATH OF THE TORNADO! DID YOU HEAR OF A TORNADO MAKING A SHARP TURN LIKE THIS!

SORRY, LADY! THAT'S NO PROOF! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, AND-----



AT THAT MOMENT, ANOTHER VISITOR WALKS IN!!

SUBMARINER! YOU'LL HELP ME, WON'T YOU?

HELLO, BETTY! HEARD YOU WERE IN TROUBLE!



GIVE ME 24 HOURS TO PROVE I'M RIGHT! IF I FAIL, I'LL RE-TRACT MY STATEMENT IN THE PAPERS!

GIVE HER A BREAK, MEN!

WELL-- OKAY!-- PRINCE NAMOR! 24 HOURS!

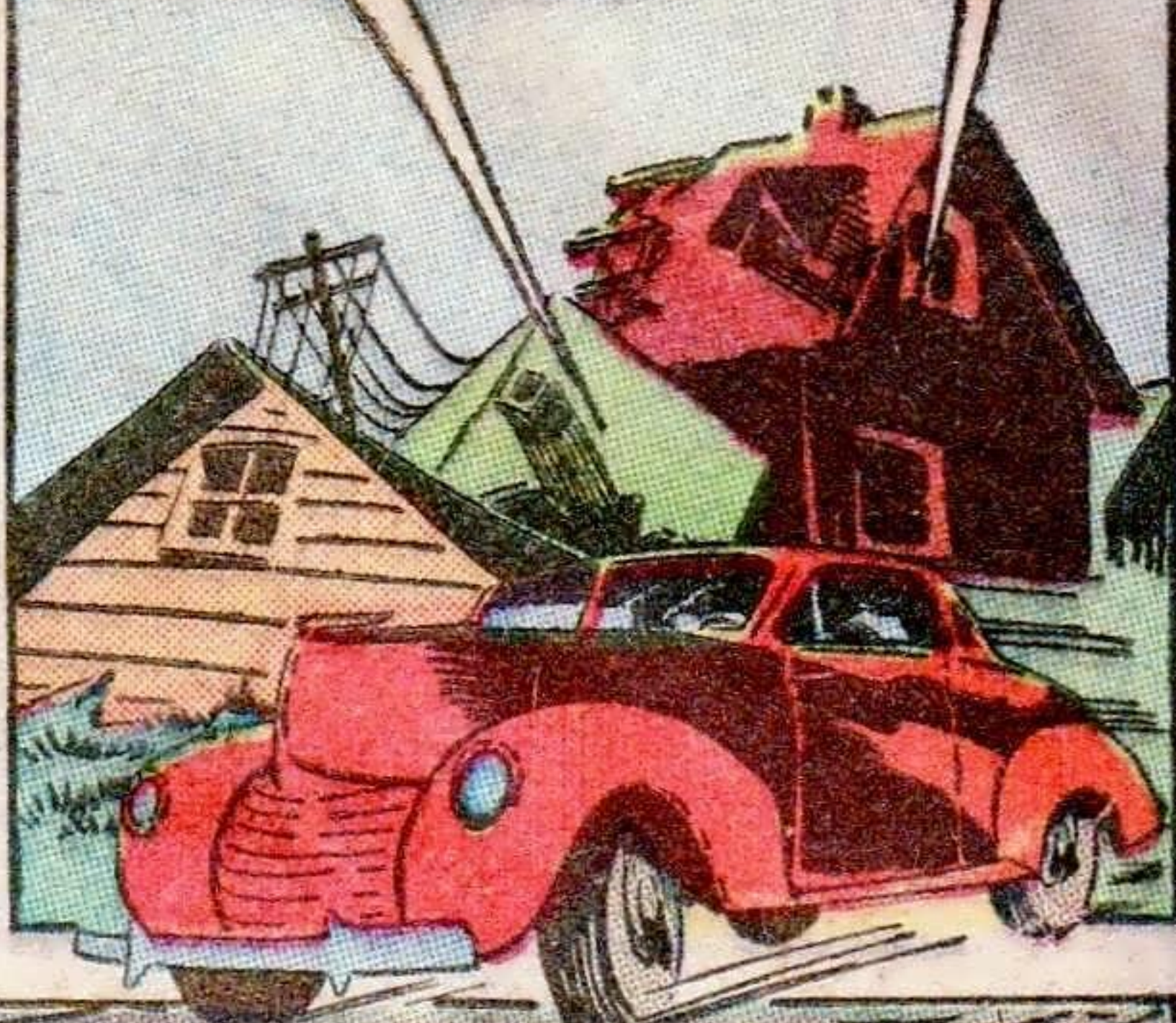
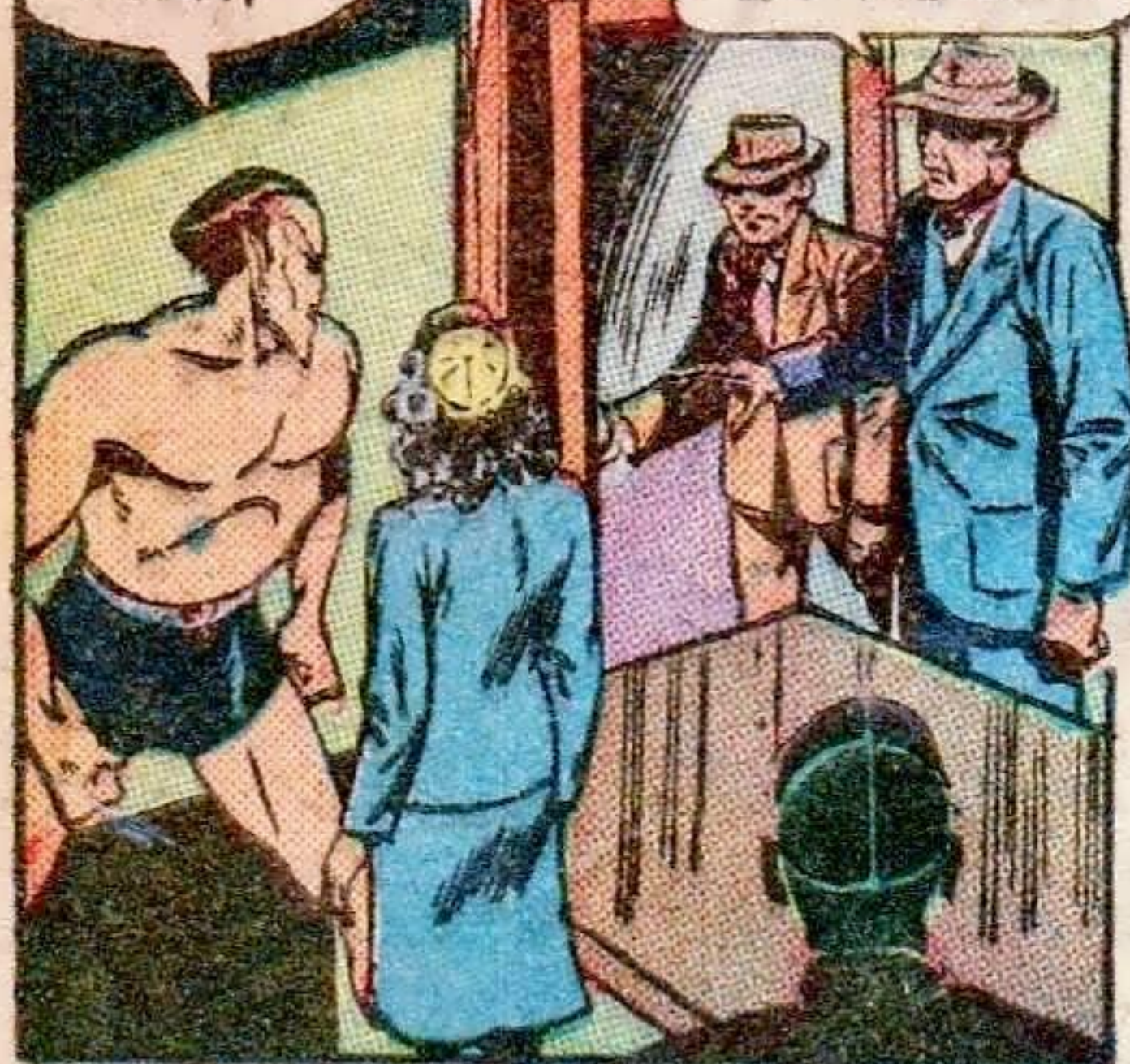
HOW COULD THIS TORNADO BE MAN MADE, BETTY?

THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE TO FIND OUT! C'MON, WE'LL DRIVE FOR CLUES!

IN THE KANSAS PLAINS---

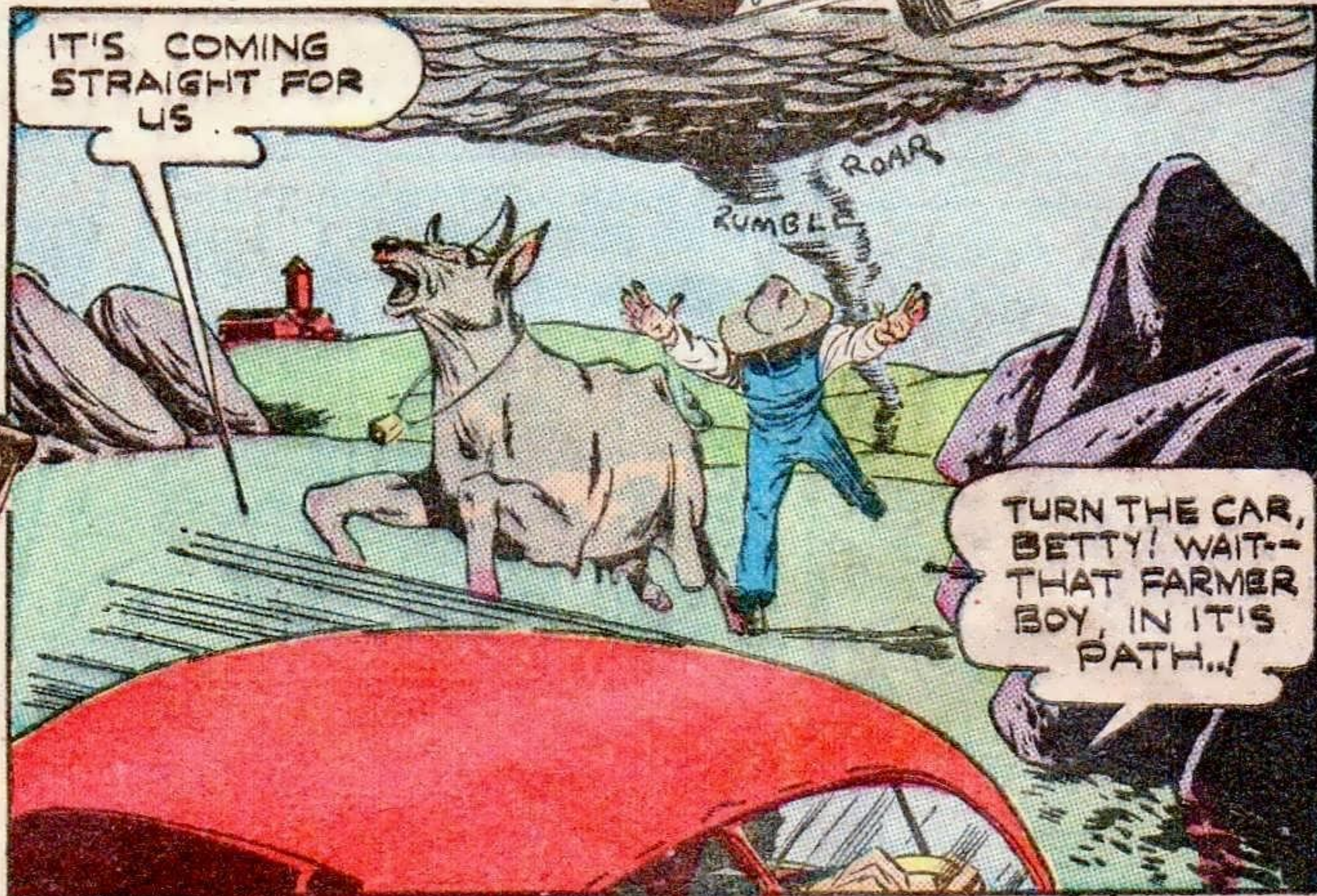
THE TORNADO CAME THROUGH HERE AND TURNED SHARPLY RIGHT AND---

WAIT, BETTY! WHAT THAT NOISE?



GOOD HEAVENS! THE TORNADO-- IT'S STARTED UP AGAIN!

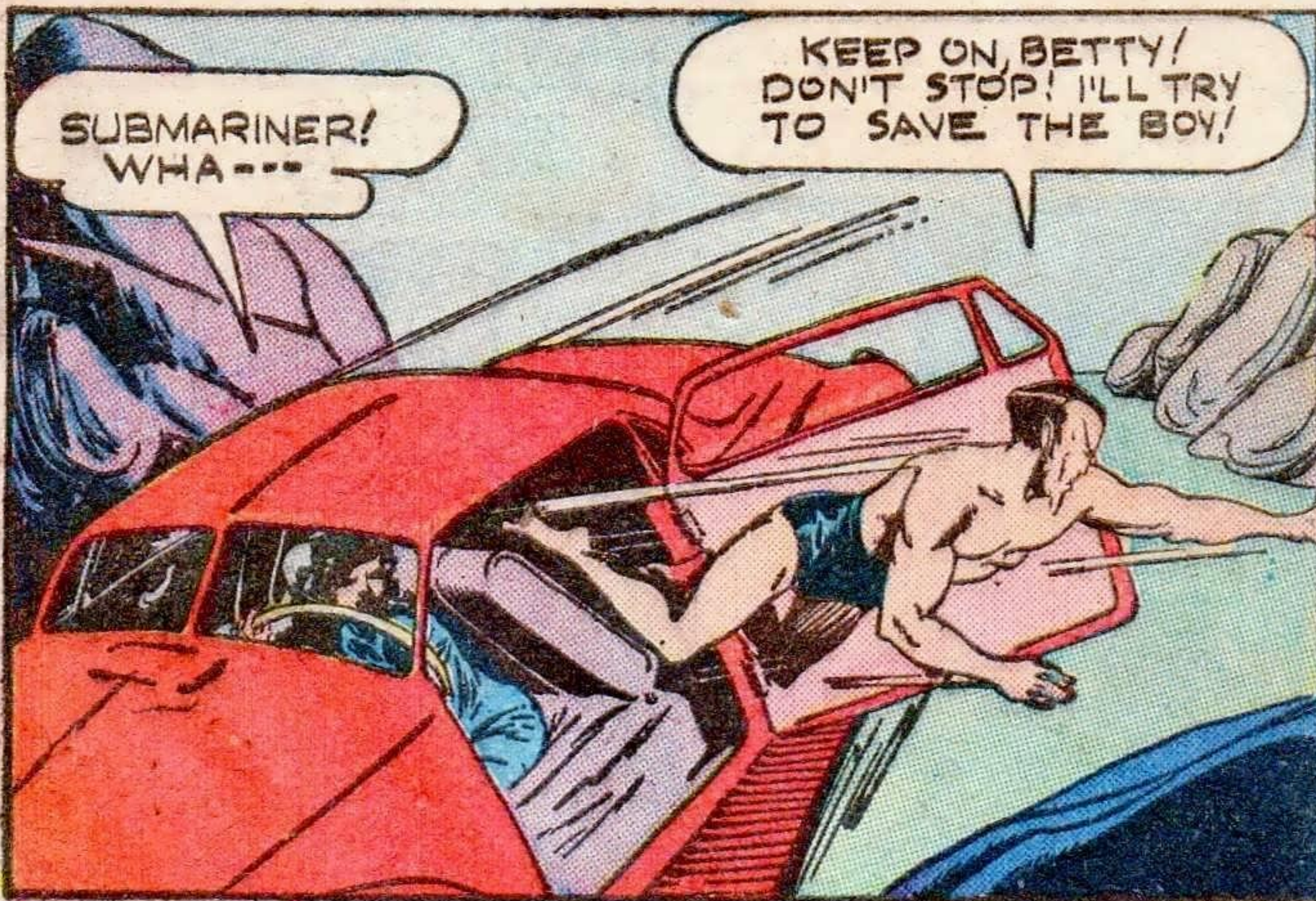
IT'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR US.



TURN THE CAR, BETTY! WAIT-- THAT FARMER BOY, IN ITS PATH..!

SUBMARINER! WHA---

KEEP ON, BETTY! DON'T STOP! I'LL TRY TO SAVE THE BOY!



HELP! OH H H H!

JUST MISSED US!



SUBMARINER SETS THE BOY DOWN SAFELY, AS THE GIANT WINDSTORM WHIRLS PAST!

GEE! YOU'RE THE GREAT PRINCE NAMOR, AREN'T YOU?

HANG ONTO THAT TREE, SONNY! I'VE GOT TO WATCH WHERE THAT TORNADO GOES!

SUDDENLY THE WHIRLWIND SWINGS AROUND AND CATCHES SUBMARINER IN THE OPEN

BY NEPTUNE! MAYBE BETTY'S RIGHT

IT IS DELIBERATELY PURSUING ME --- AS IF GUIDED BY A HUMAN HAND? THAT LAKE AHEAD---MY ONLY CHANCE!

I OUGHT TO BE SAFE AT THE BOTTOM!

GASP! I'M IN THE GRIP OF TERRIFIC POWERS---

BUT THE STORM SPOUT RAGES ACROSS THE LAKE!

LIKE A BIT OF DRIFT-
WOOD, SUBMARINER IS
DRAWN UP AND UP INTO
THE SKY AT BREATH-
TAKING SPEED!

GETTING DIZZY! HOW
HIGH UP DOES
THIS GO?



FINALLY, HIGH ABOVE THE CLOUDS...



A
ZEPPELIN??

THE CHURNING BLADES SEEM
ABOUT TO CHOP THEIR VIC-
TIM INTO SHREDS!

A HUGE TORNADO CREATED
BY A HUGE WINDMILL! BETTY
WAS RIGHT! BUT LOOKS LIKE
MY NUMBER IS UP!

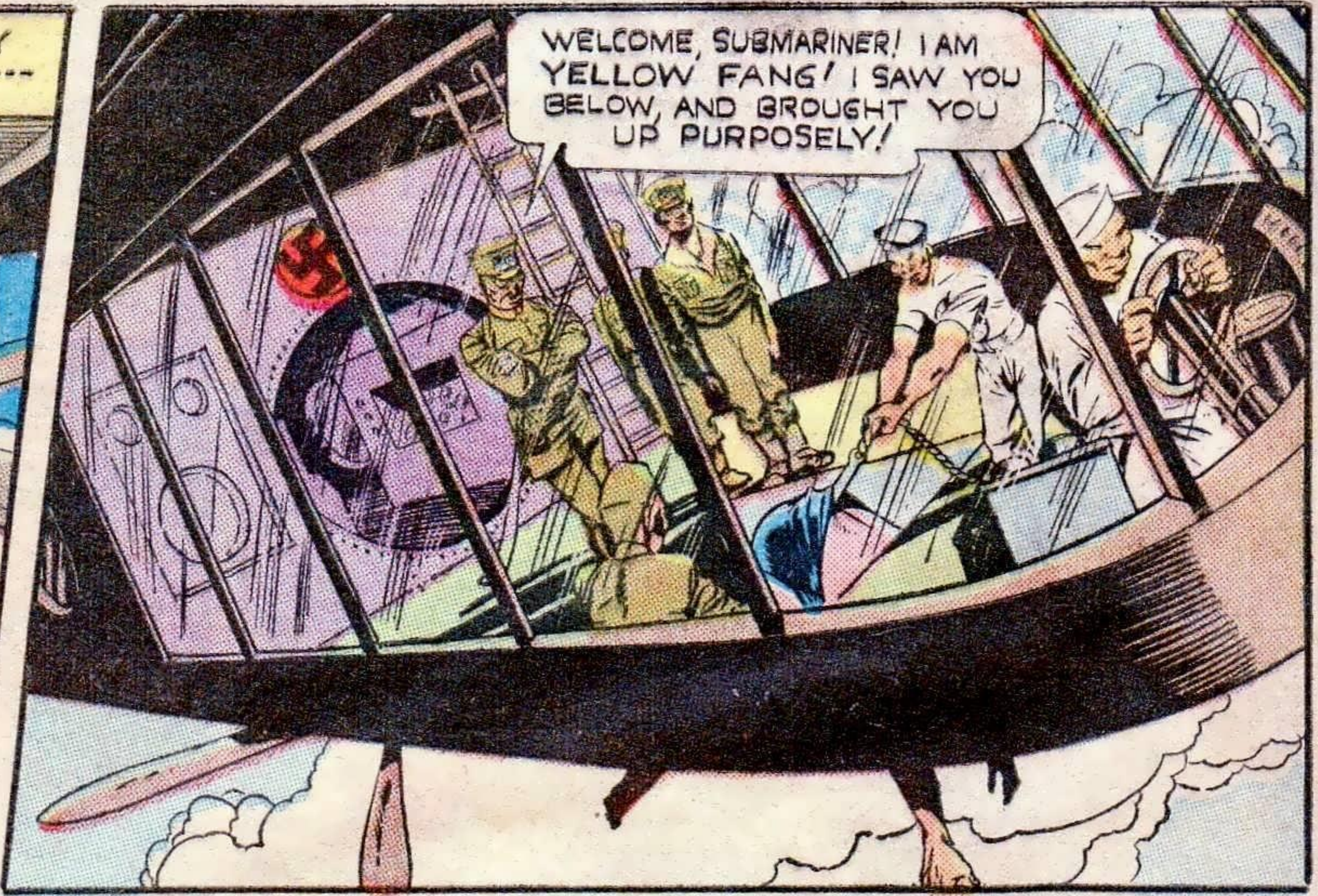


BUT ABRUPTLY
THEY STOP, AND---

HAVE
HOOKED BIG
FISH! HA, HA!



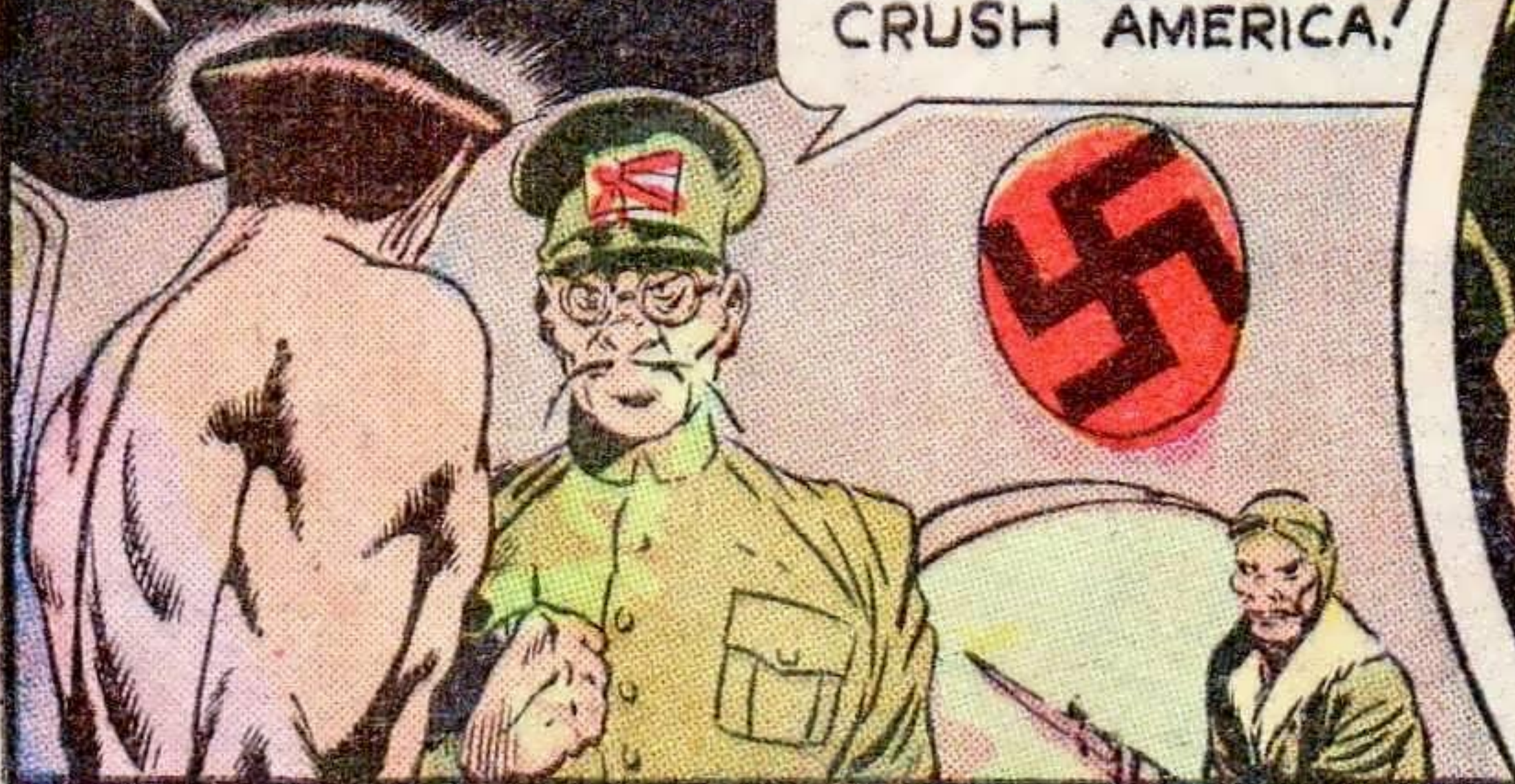
WELCOME, SUBMARINER! I AM
YELLOW FANG! I SAW YOU
BELOW, AND BROUGHT YOU
UP PURPOSELY!



THIS IS STRANGE!
WHAT ARE JAPS
DOING WITH A
GERMAN
ZEPPELIN?

IS SIMPLE. NAZIS CAN-
NOT USE ZEPPELIN IN
THEIR WAR. TOO BIG
A TARGET FOR ALLIED
PLANES. SO WE HAVE
BORROWED IT---TO
CRUSH AMERICA!

CREATING THE ARTIFICIAL
TORNADO WITH MY WINDMILL,
I WILL SWEEP ACROSS AMERICA
AGAIN AND AGAIN,
CUTTING WIDE
SWATHS OF DESTRU-
TION OVER IT! WASH-
INGTON WILL BE
RIPPED APART SOON,
AND ALL YOUR
BIG CITIES! HA,
HAAAAA!



THANKS FOR TELLING ME!
BUT WHY DID YOU TAKE ME
ALIVE?

BECAUSE IS HUGE REWARD
FOR YOU IN TOKYO --ALIVE!
YOU WILL BE TORTURED
FOR HELPING ALLIES SO
MUCH



BUT THE MIGHTY AMPHIBIAN SUDDENLY SPRINGS INTO ACTION

YOU HAVEN'T DELIVERED ME
YET, MY
FRIENDS!



PEERLESS MUSCLES DRIVE WITH CRUSH-
ING POWER AT THE LEERING, EVIL FACE
OFF YELLOW FANG!

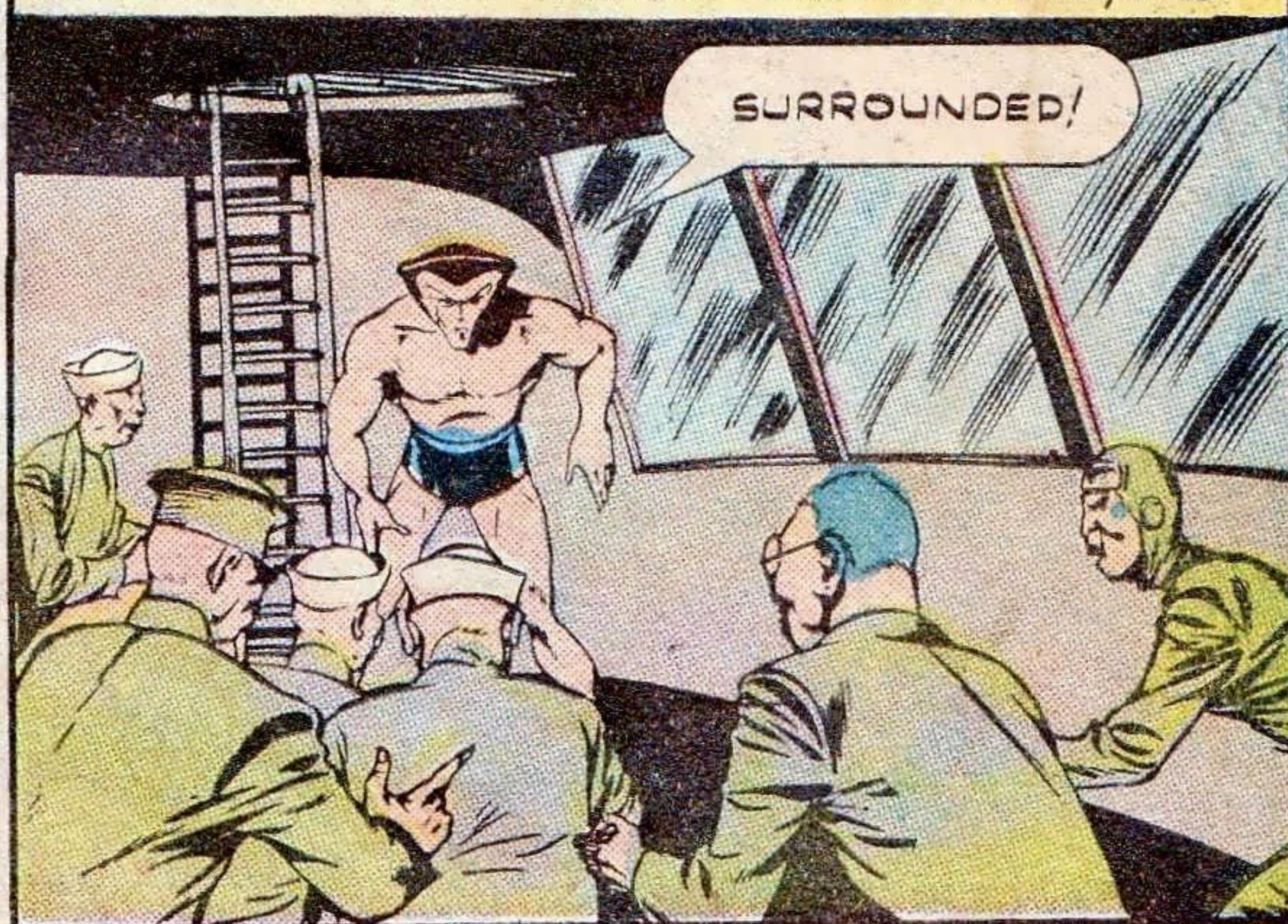
STOP HIM
---UGH

ALL YOU'RE STOP-
ING IS MY FIST!
YELLOW BOY!

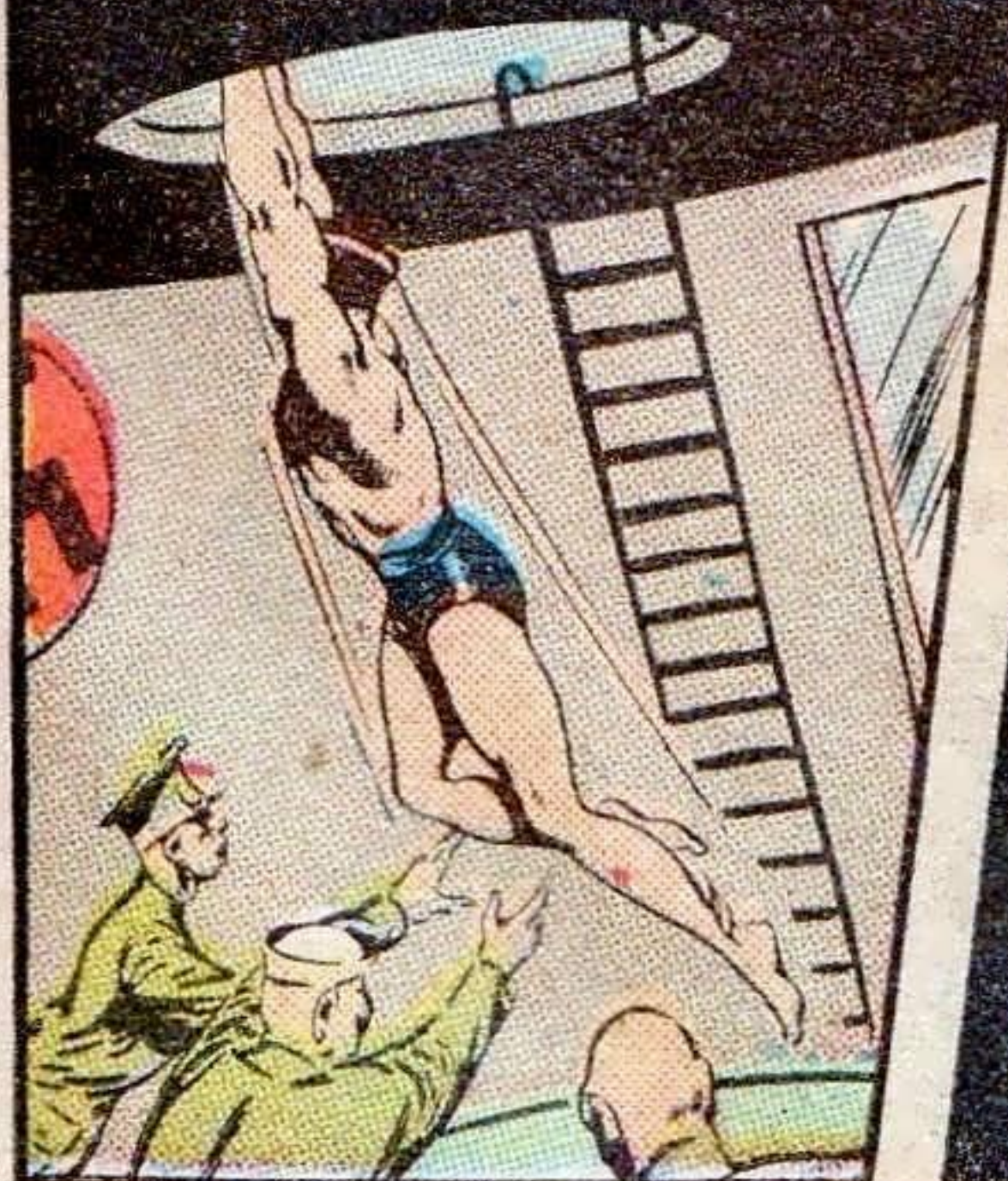


BUT THE BIG GONDOLA SWARMS WITH OTHER JAPS, AND---

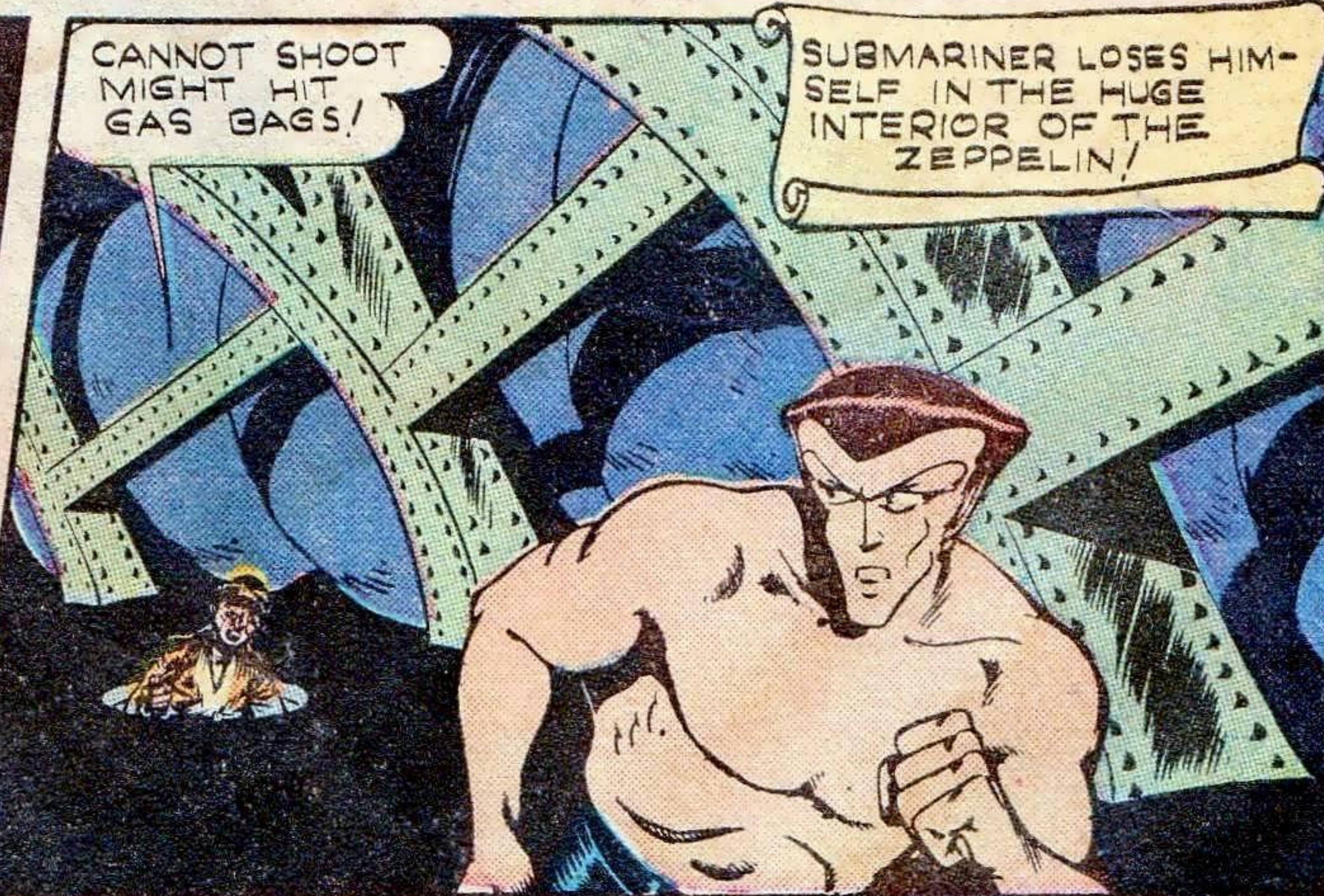
SURROUNDED!



THIS TRAP DOOR--
WHERE DOES
IT LEAD?



CANNOT SHOOT
MIGHT HIT
GAS BAGS!



SUBMARINER LOSES HIM-
SELF IN THE HUGE
INTERIOR OF THE
ZEPPELIN!



CANNOT FIND HIM!

YOU'LL NEVER LOCATE ME! THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF HIDE-OUTS TO HIDE IN!



YOU ARE CLEVER SUBMARINER! BUT YOU CANNOT ESCAPE! YOU HAVE NO PARACHUTE TO REACH GROUND! AND IN

24 HOURS YOU WILL BE WEAK FROM LACK OF WATER!



THAT'S TRUE! I'M STILL TRAPPED! I CAN HIDE HERE FOR 24 HOURS-- BUT I'LL NEED WATER--- OR I'M FINISHED!

HOURS PASS AND SUBMARINER ONCE AGAIN HEARS THE OMINOUS RUMBLE OF THE WIND MACHINE BEING USED!



HAAAA! ANOTHER CITY, WITH ALL ITS WAR PLANTS SMASHED INTO ATOMS!



AHA! GOOD THING I REMEMBERED ZEPPELINS USE WATER FOR BALLAST!



STRENGTH SURGES BACK INTO THE MIGHTY SINEWS OF THE MIGHTY SINEWS OF THE WATER PRINCE, AS THE PRECIOUS ELEMENT FLOWS OVER HIM!



NOW! I CAN HANDLE THESE MONKEYS AND GET WHAT I WANT!

PARACHUTES

DONNING A PARACHUTE, SUBMARINER LEAPS FROM THE ZEPPELIN!

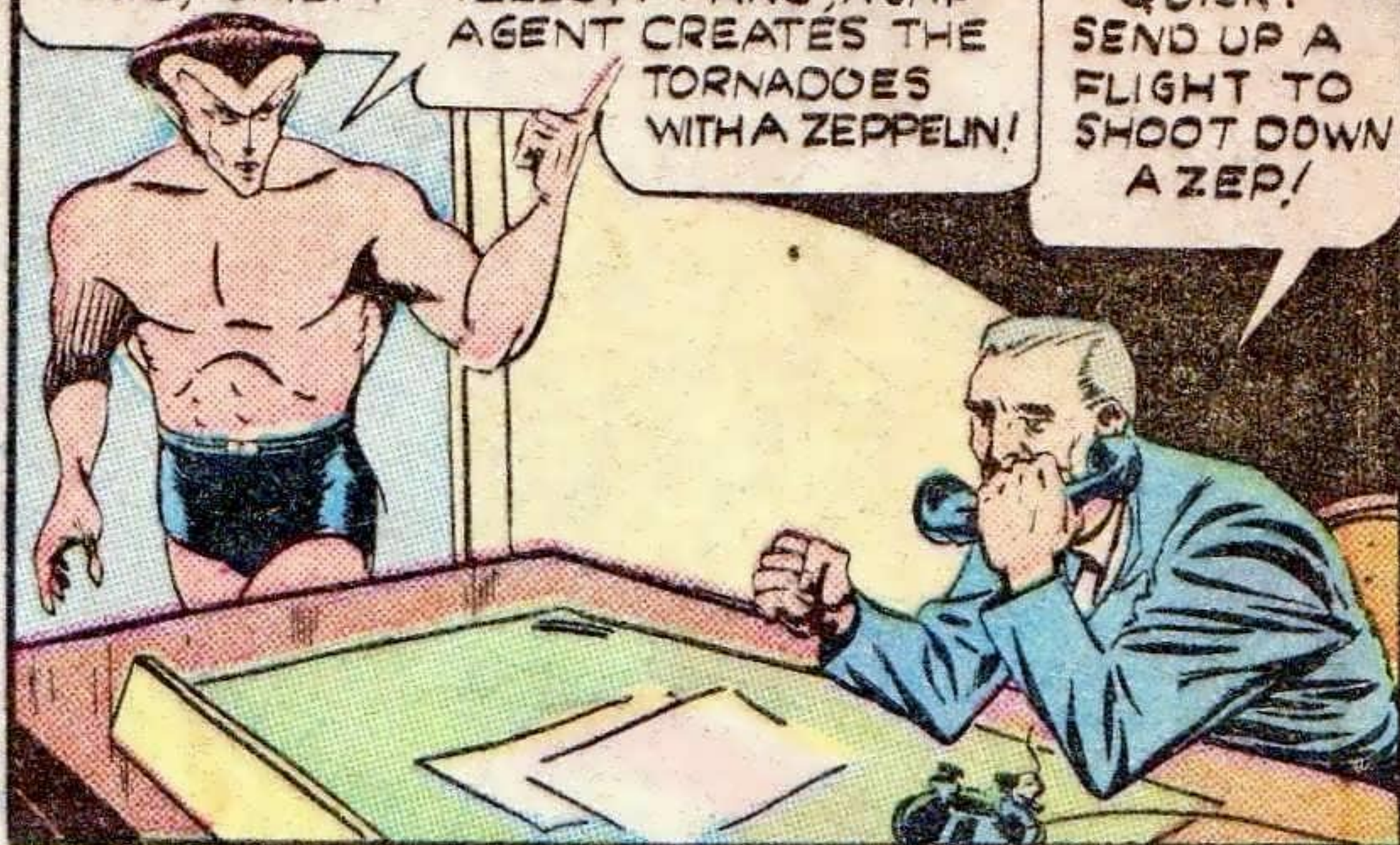
NO ALARM SOUNDED! THEY DON'T SEE ME! I'LL BE BACK WITH A SQUADRON OF FIGHTER PLANES TO SHOOT THAT ZEP DOWN



SUBMARINER REPORTS TO THE F.B.I.!

BETTY DEANE WAS RIGHT ALL THE TIME, CHIEF! YELLOW FANG, A JAP AGENT CREATES THE TORNADOES WITH A ZEPPELIN!

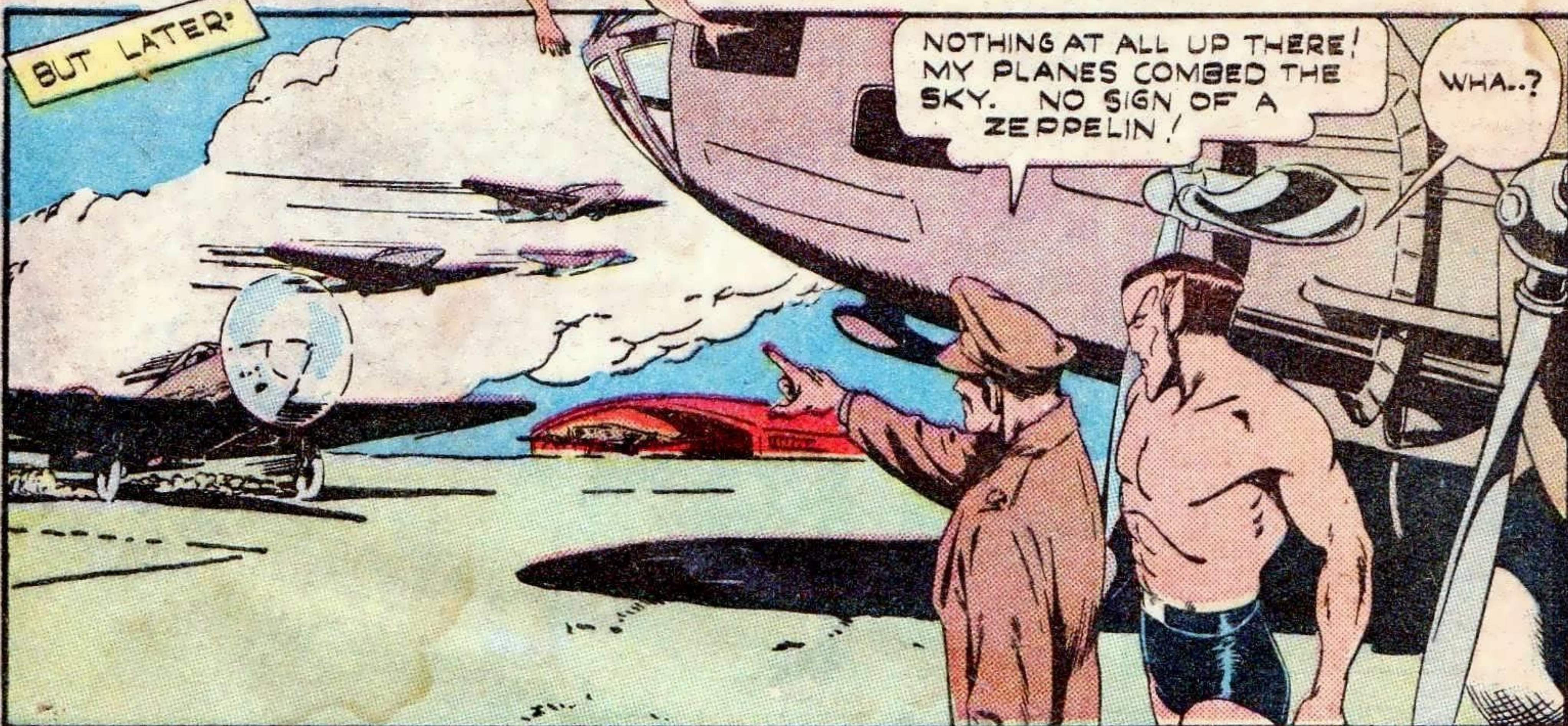
AIRFIELD - QUICK? SEND UP A FLIGHT TO SHOOT DOWN A ZEP!



BUT LATER:

NOTHING AT ALL UP THERE! MY PLANES COMBED THE SKY. NO SIGN OF A ZEPPELIN!

WHA..?



THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER! THE ZEP LANDED SOMEWHERE, TO REFUEL! BUT WHERE? AND I WONDER WHERE BETTY IS?



MEANWHILE, BETTY DEANE IS FOLLOWING HER OWN CLUES!

YASM! I SPECKS IT BE A DRAGON, OR SUMTHIN! I WOULDN'T GO IN THEM'S HILLS IF I WAS YOU, IT'S DANGEROUS



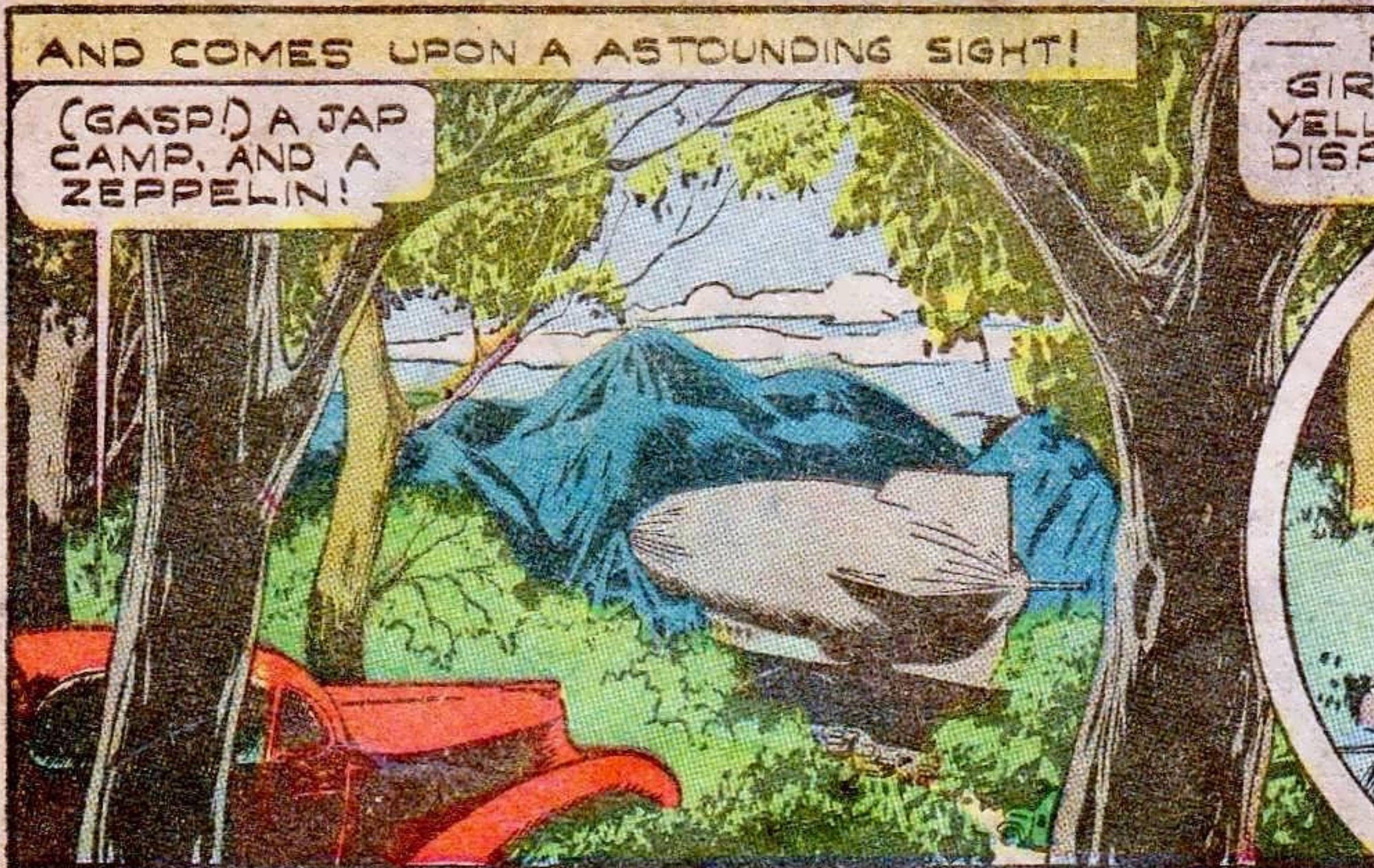
DRAGON! COULD THAT HAVE SOME CONNECTION WITH THE TORNADOES?



BUT BETTY DRIVES FEARLESSLY INTO THE DESERTED HILL SECTION!

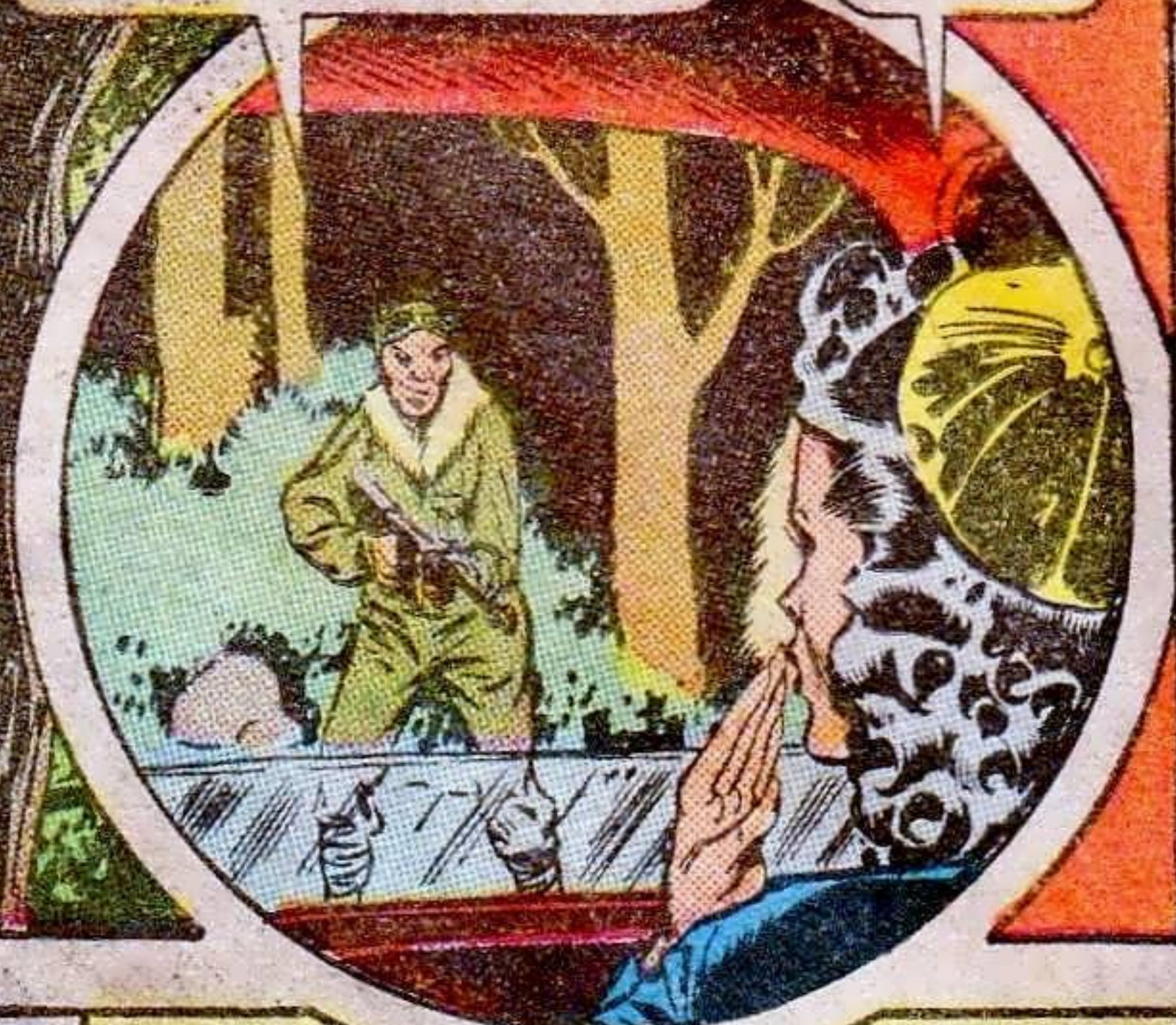
AND COMES UPON A ASTOUNDING SIGHT!

(GASP!) A JAP
CAMP, AND A
ZEPPELIN!



— FOOLISH
GIRL SPY! MARCH!
YELLOW FANG WILL
DISPOSE OF YOU!

A
GUARD!
OH!



SO YOU MAKE
THE TORNADOES
WITH THAT WIND
MACHINE!

BRIGHT GIRL!
SO SORRY YOU
MUST DIE! TURN
ON WINDMILL
AT LOW POWER!

HA-HAA!
IT WILL BE
OVER QUICK-
LY, MY DEAR!
TOSS HER
INTO THE
BLADES BUT HOLD
HER AWHILE, LET
HER SUFFER!

YOU
FIEZOS
ZOO-
HELP!



BUT
SUBMARINER HAS FOLLOW-
ED ANOTHER CLUE---

AN OIL SLICK ON THIS
RIVER! THE ZEP MUST
HAVE A MOORING
PLACE UP IN
THESE HILLS!



THE WIND MACHINE!
AND BETTY'S VOICE!

HELP
HERE!

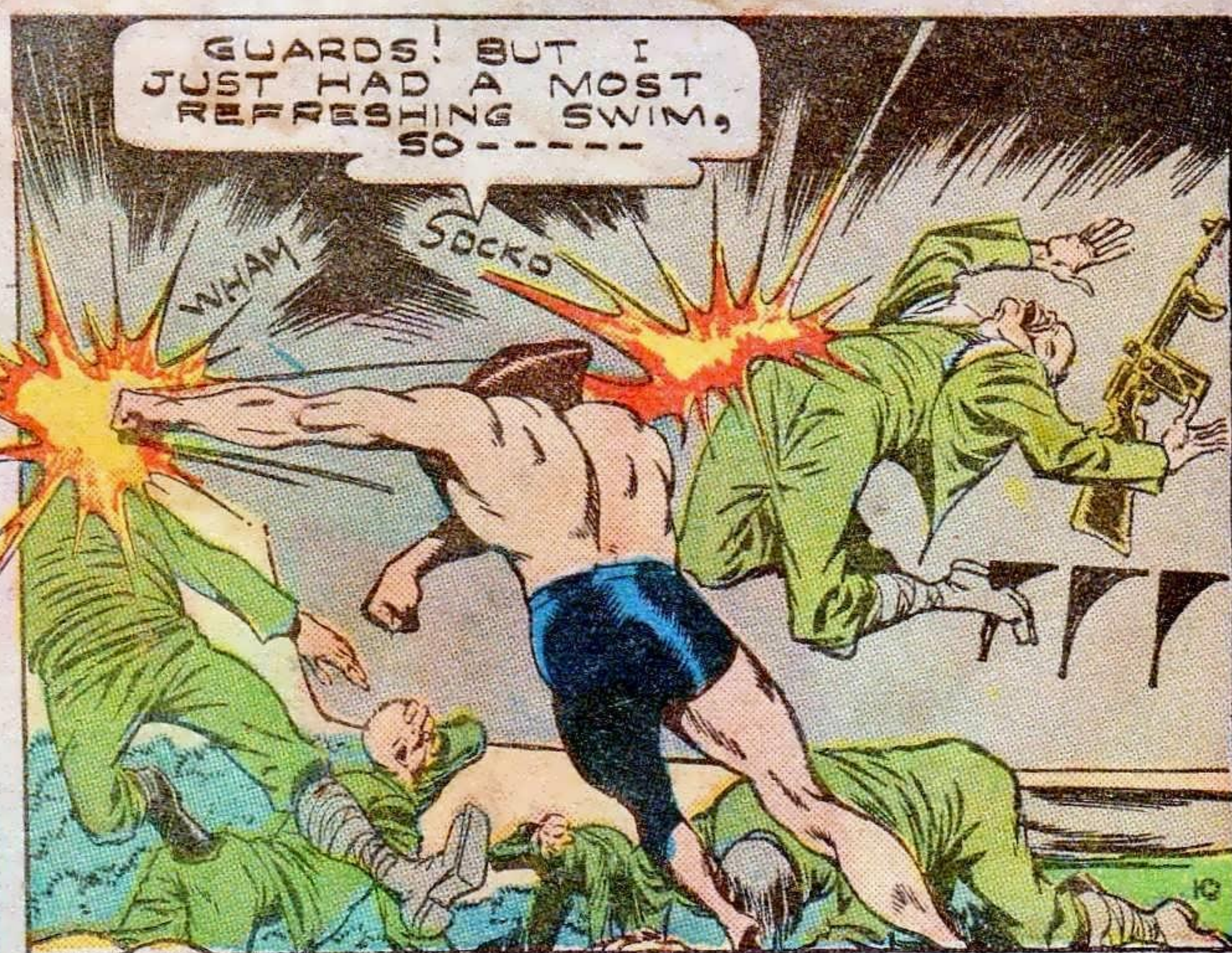
RUMBLE
WHIRRR
ROARR

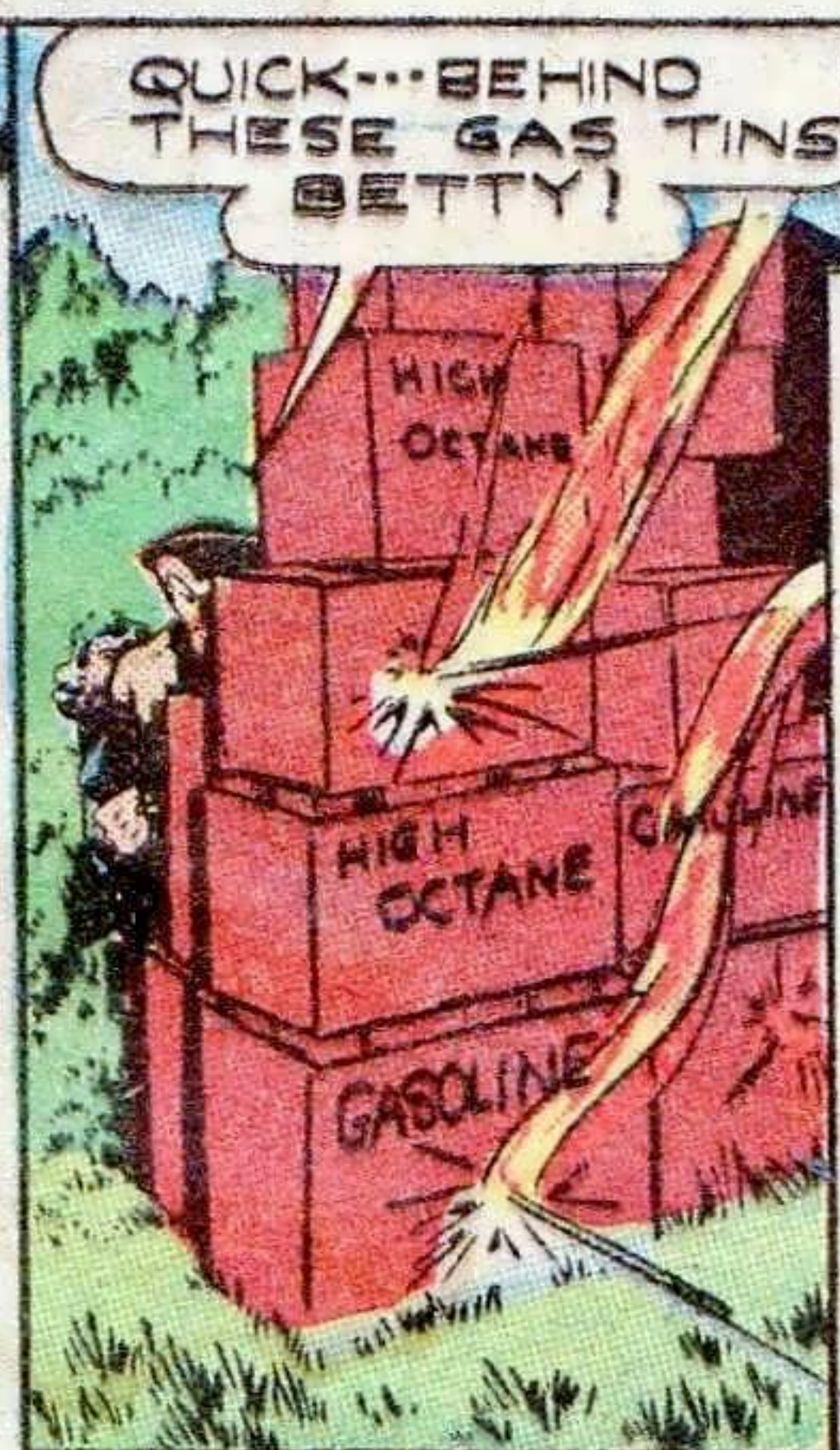
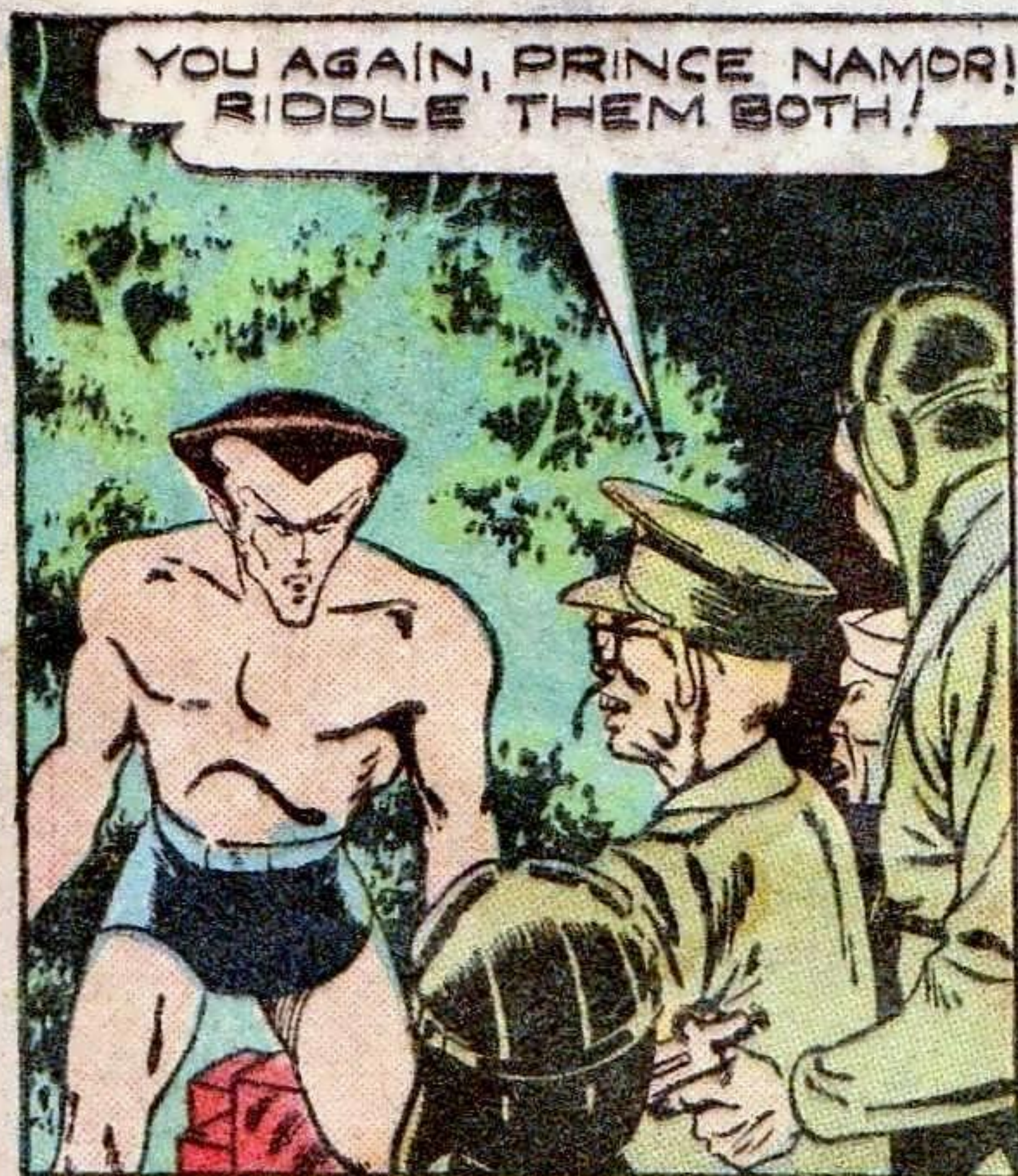
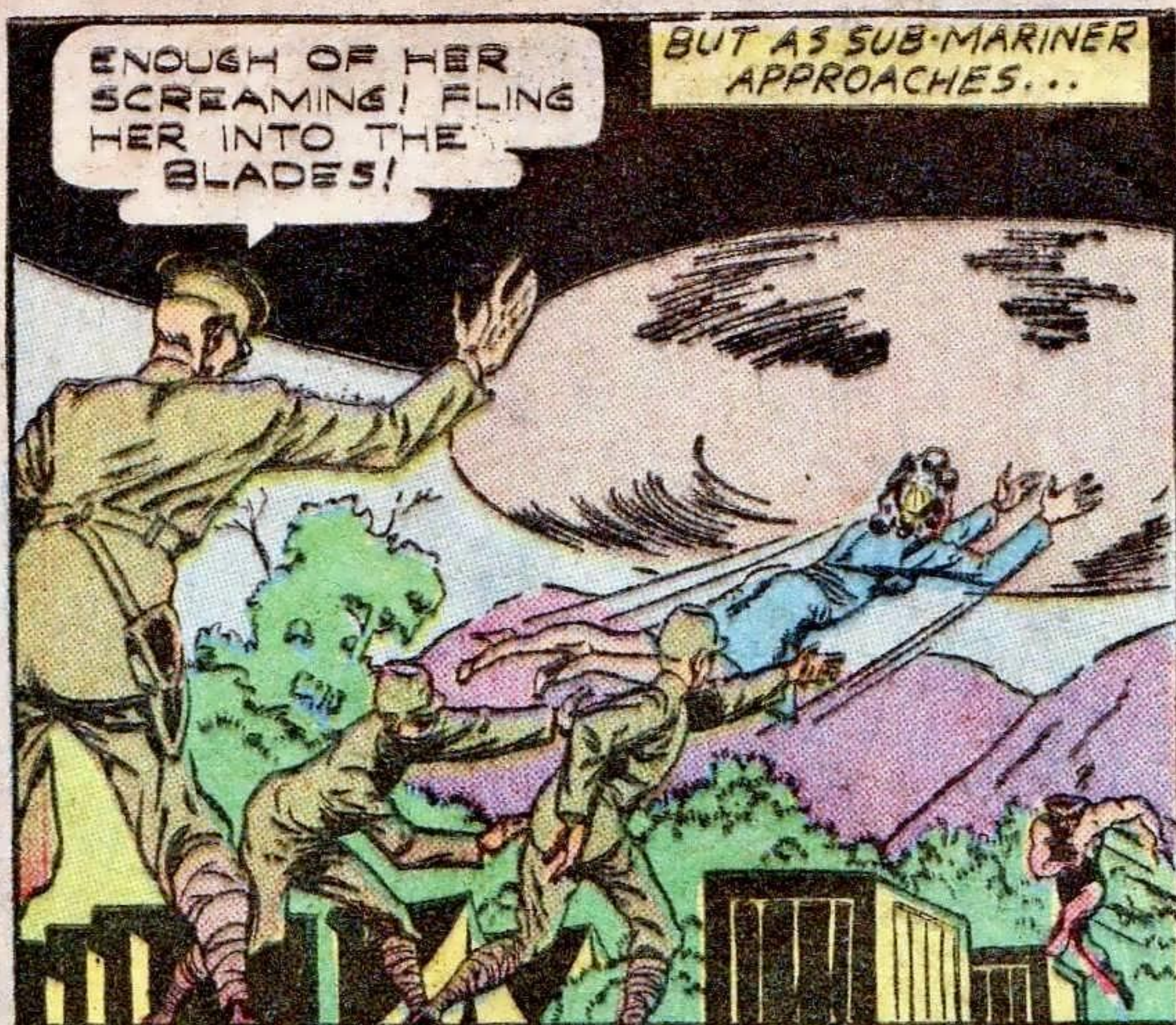


GUARDS! BUT I
JUST HAD A MOST
REFRESHING SWIM,
SO-----

WHAM

SOCKO





BUT TOO LATE! THE FLAMES STRIKE THE HYDROGEN GAS BAGS, AND WITH A ROAR, THE ENTIRE ZEPPELIN BURSTS INSTANTLY INTO FLAMES!



YELLOW FANG DIES IN THE FLAMING RUINS OF HIS OWN CRAFT!



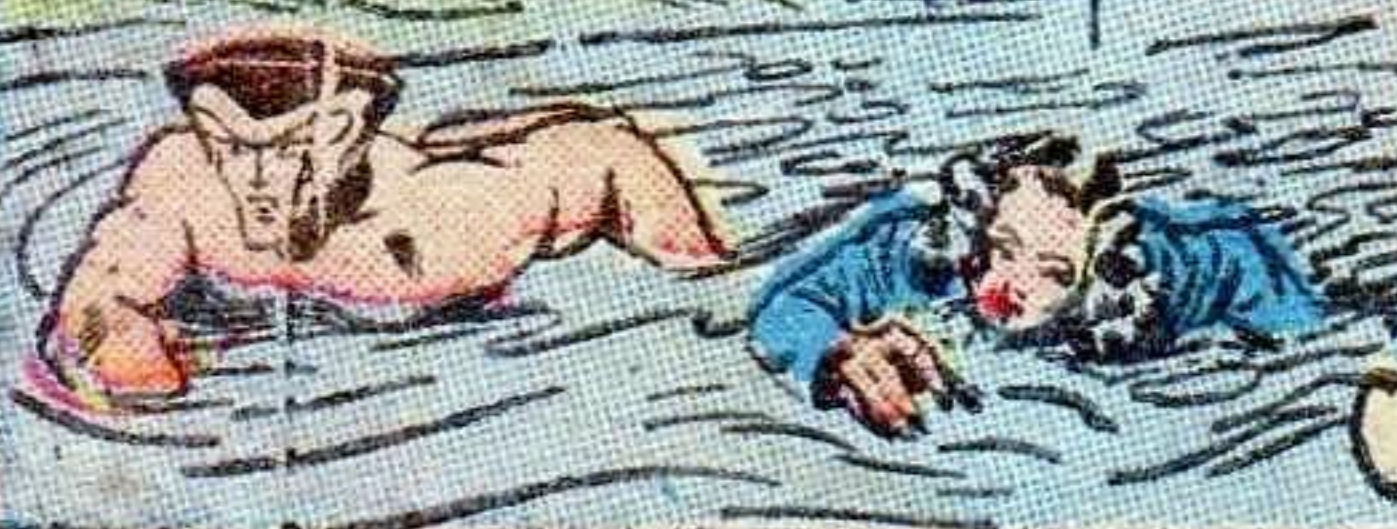
INTO THE WATER, BETTY!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO COAX ME, THE HEAT IS TERRIFIC!



I DON'T THINK ONE JAP ESCAPED ALIVE, THEY ALL BURNED!

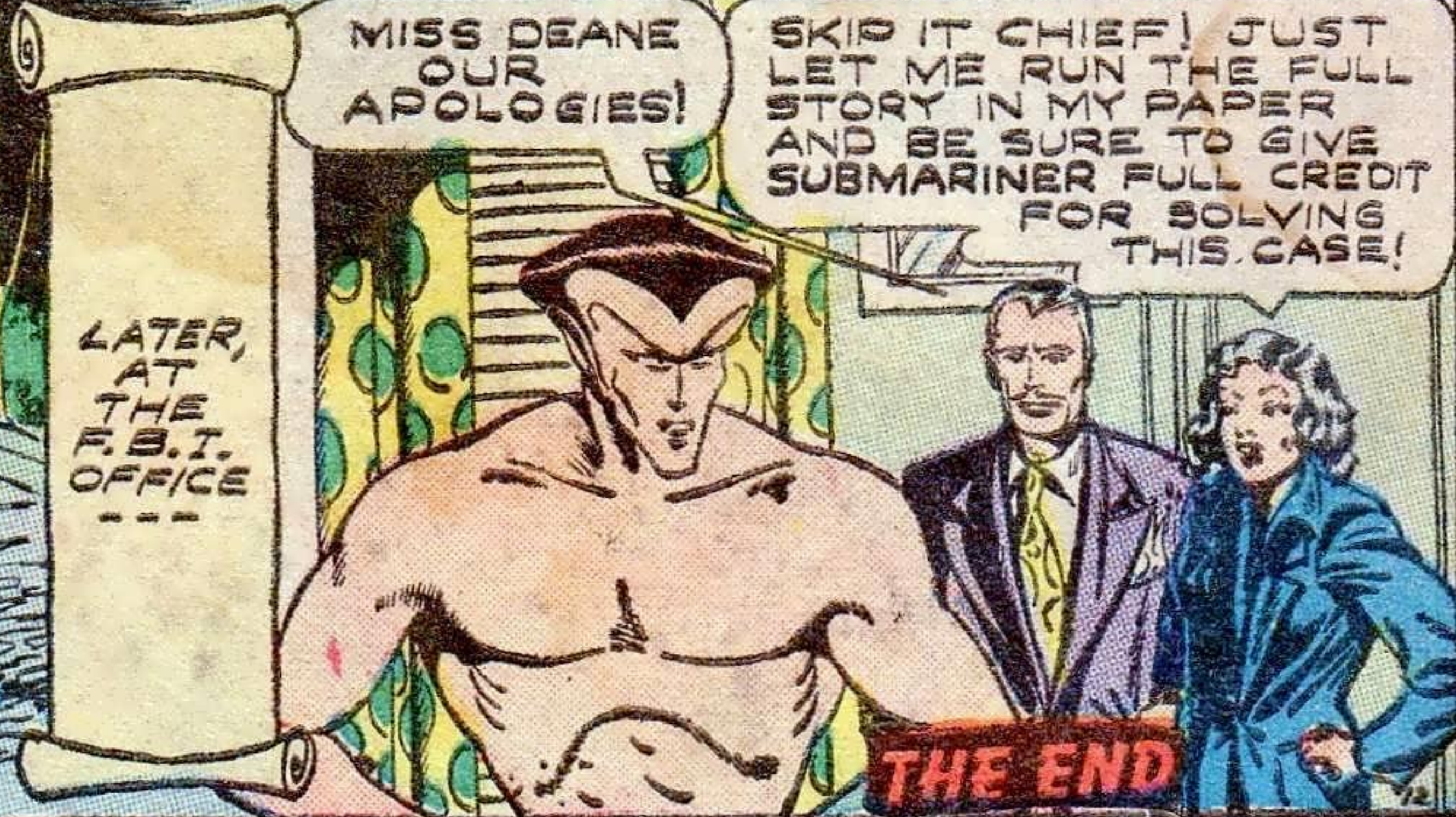
THAT'S THE END OF YELLOW FANG, AND HIS PLOT TO TIE AMERICA TO HIS ARTIFICIAL TORNADOES!



MISS DEANE OUR APOLOGIES!

SKIP IT CHIEF! JUST LET ME RUN THE FULL STORY IN MY PAPER AND BE SURE TO GIVE SUBMARINER FULL CREDIT FOR SOLVING THIS CASE!

LATER, AT THE F.B.I. OFFICE



THE END

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From Coast-to-Coast, Guarantees He
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YOU SHOULD'VE
SEEN JIMMY
LICK BIG BUTCH
WITH JU-JITSU!

THE BIG BULLY! ALWAYS PICKING ON SMALLER KIDS!



I'M GOING TO TEACH THAT GUY A LESSON.

IT'S NO USE, JIMMY. BUTCH IS TOO BIG FOR YOU.



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. I'VE GOT A FEW TRICKS UP MY SLEEVE.

WOW! LOOK AT JIMMY FIGHT. I'M GOING TO LEARN LIGHTNING JU-JITSU TOO!



ARE YOU BEING PUSHED AROUND BY BIGGER FELLOWS?

JUST A SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU'LL FIND IN THIS AMAZING BOOK

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- How to hit where it hurts
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- The answer to a right hook
- How to break a wrist-lock
- How to break a half-nelson
- How to break a strangle-hold
- How to disarm a hold-up man
- How to flip a man over your hip
- How to apply the "tooth-rattler"
- How to knock-out an enemy with one blow
- How to somersault a man over your shoulder

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☐ Send C. O. D. I will pay postman 98c (plus 27c postage and C. O. D. charges).

☐ I enclose \$1.00. Send postage paid 15 day guarantee holds!

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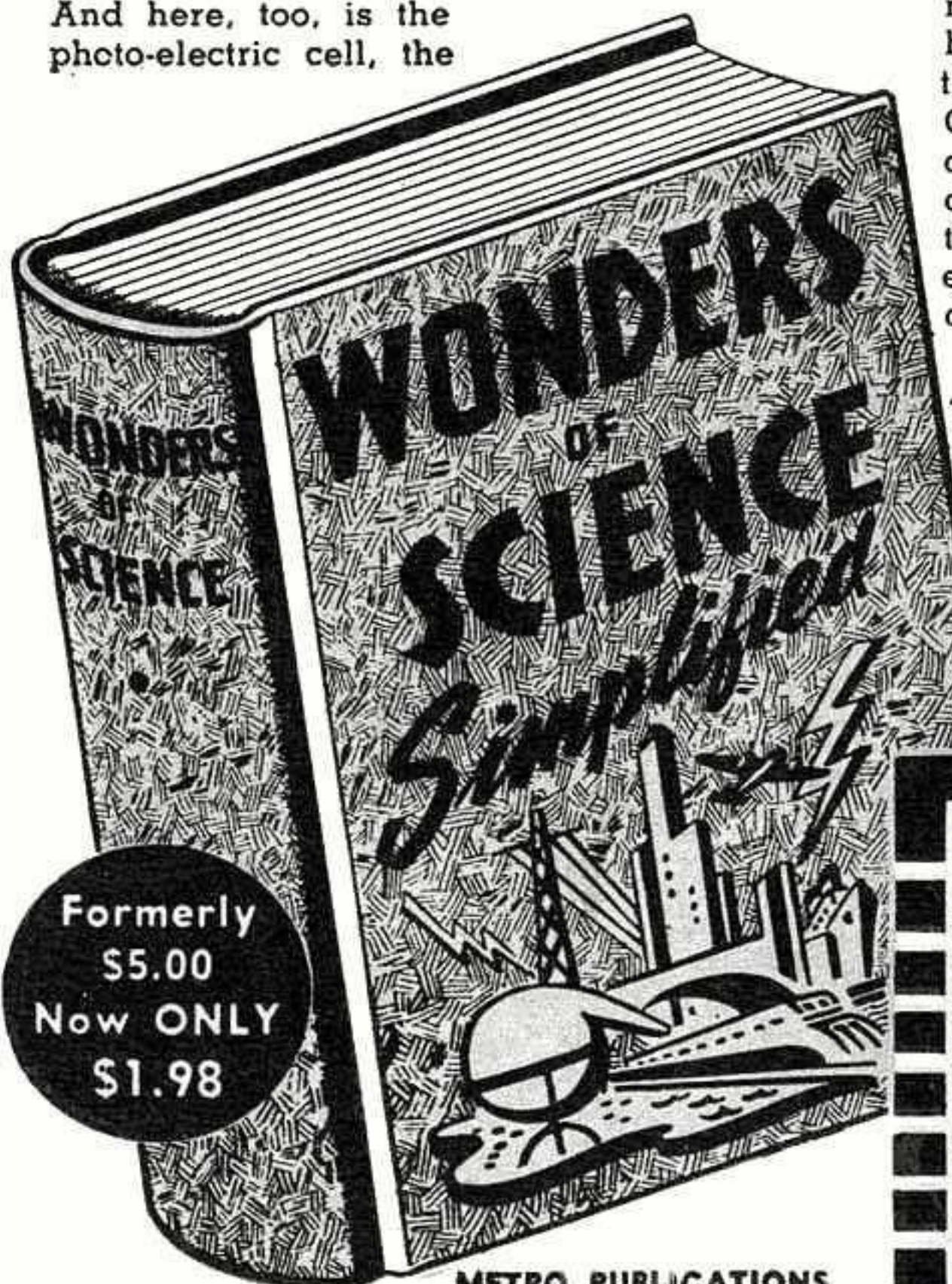
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How the Solar System Originated
The Enormous Size of Some Stars
- BOOK 2. Oddest Phenomena on Earth**
Spouting Fountains of Boiling Water
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